

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL TWENTY-EIGHT NO 2

NEW YORK OCTOBER 12 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS

PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



Shamrock leading *Columbia* over the line in the final Cup Race, October 4, beating the *Defender* by two seconds, but losing the race and the series by forty-one seconds, because of *Columbia's* time allowance

CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE—"COLUMBIA" WINS!

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Upright



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"I should like to say a few words about your piano and manner of doing business. No one is doing themselves justice in not availing themselves of your most liberal terms. The tone, touch and durability of your piano cannot be questioned. The instrumental attachment pleases every one who hears it, and allows a combination of effects which cannot be equalled." — ALBERT DIAMOND, *Flournoy, Iowa*

"The piano I bought of you in December is giving us the very best satisfaction. In tone, touch and workmanship it is certainly extra fine. The strangest part of it seems to be that you can sell such an instrument for such a low price." — F. D. GREEN, *Perry, Lake County, Ohio*

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imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations.

ALL WING PIANOS have 7½ octaves, concert grand scale, overstrung, giving greatest volume and power of tone, double lever, grand repeating action. Cases are double veneered, and are made in all the choicest woods—circassian walnut, dark rich mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebony.

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THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



SHAMROCK vs. COLUMBIA—ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK

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As they swept past the blue smoke of the starting gun, Sycamore had got a shade the better of the initial struggle and was to windward. The sea was smoother than at the previous attempt at a race, and the great masses of white water squelching from the flat bows of *Shamrock* were no longer to be seen. Here and there wind was putting white paintbrush touches of foam on the blue water. There was a nice steady breeze of about eight knots, which increased before the yachts rounded the mark boat, but diminished considerably toward the finish of the race. As the boats skipped along some distance apart opinions were divided as to which was going the faster. Some said that *Columbia*, although to leeward, was well ahead and had a lead sufficient to cross *Shamrock's* bow as soon as she chose. They were not long to be left in doubt, however. At 11.25 Barr put his helm down and made in the direction of *Shamrock*, who stood steadily on the starboard tack in proud possession of the right of way. Barr had to carry his boat clear across *Shamrock's* bow or go about. Intently the thousands of spectators watched and held their breath as the space between the two boats rapidly grew less—nearer and nearer they came. There was a strained silence among the onlookers, until suddenly *Columbia* was seen to lift—her sails flapped and she went about under *Shamrock's* lee. Great was the joy among the supporters of the latter when they found their boat in such secure possession of the lead, great was the cheering on *Erin*, and it was apparent to every one that we were in for a desperate contest. Gradually the yachts came closer and closer together and raced side by side. The great shadows of *Shamrock's* sails actually lay on those of *Columbia*.

Columbia during the race made six more tacks than *Shamrock*, but Sycamore was not to be lured into short tacking, and held on the even tenor of his way. *Columbia* went about with the same result as before, and again the boats were locked together, so that at times they appeared to onlookers on either side as if it were only one boat, was sailing, so completely did they overlap. After Barr had shot the last arrow of his quiver full of nautical knowledge to get past the fatal shadow of *Shamrock's* sails they neared the mark boat.

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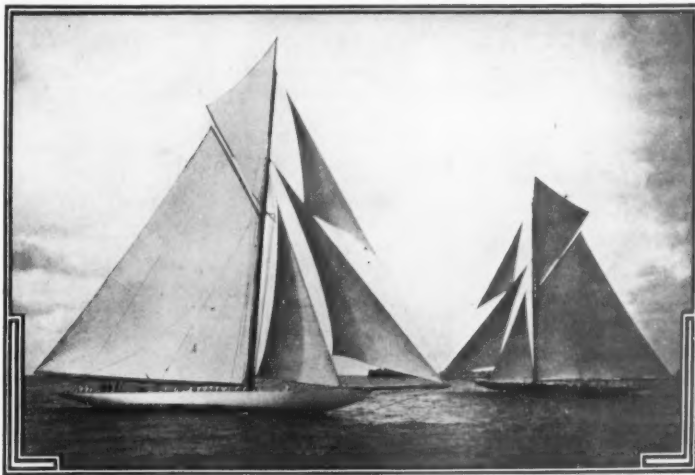
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The fourth spin, on Thursday, October 3, was in many respects even more exciting than the others. It was over the triangular course. *Columbia* was behind at the start, but her victory was conclusive. The most sensational feature of all was that the race was run in "Shamrock weather." That is, the conditions were exactly those for which Sir Thomas Lipton and designer Watson had been praying—a stiff wind and a moderately smooth sea. Is it a wonder, therefore, that the result of the great sea battle was all the more exciting as to the respective merits of the cup boats?

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THE CUP YACHTS COLUMBIA AND SHAMROCK JOCKEYING FOR THE START—TRIAL OF TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1

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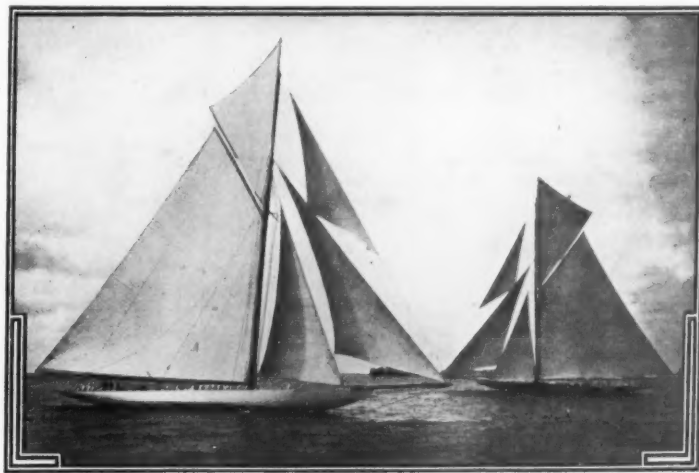
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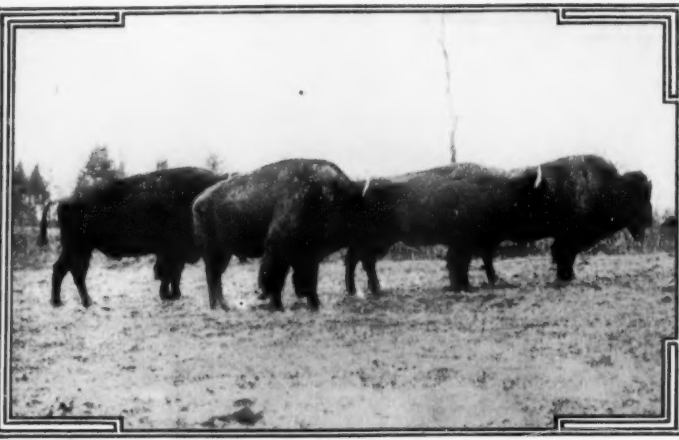


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A HUDSON'S BAY DOG-TEAM



THE LAST OF THE HERD

THE WORLD'S GREATEST GAME PRESERVE

By SIR JOHN BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Author of "The Story of Canada," Etc.

THE HUDSON'S BAY FUR COMPANY

THE HISTORY of the Canadian fur trade goes back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Pontgrave, Sieur du Pont, built at the portals of the gloomy Saguenay a little post, a sketch of which can be seen in the graphic record given of those days by Samuel Champlain, the founder of Quebec.

From that time, the fur trader and the forest ranger or *coureur de bois*, like the devoted priest of the Roman Catholic Church, was to be found, as years rolled by, in every part of the vast wilderness claimed by France in North America—from the bleak, ice-bound shores of Labrador to the flower-laden, grassy prairies watered by the Assiniboine, Red, and Saskatchewan Rivers.

KING OF THE FUR ANIMALS

For a century and a half, the beaver, "king of the fur animals," was a very important factor in the economic conditions of the country. Other great sources of wealth in the forest and sea were neglected for the sake of an industry which had many attractions for the French colonist. The King of France gave a monopoly of the trade to great companies from time to time, and Cardinal Richelieu condescended to become the head of the famous *Compagnie des Cents Associés*. The public revenue of Canada was derived from the taxes of a trade which was very fluctuating in value.

Nowadays the French-Canadian seeks the pine woods, the lumberman's camp (*chantier*), where he can live a free, healthy industrial life; but in old times he became a *coureur de bois* or *voyageur*.

Year by year the settlements were almost deserted by the young men, who were allured by the fascinations of the fur trade. The government found all their efforts to increase the population and colonize the country thwarted by the nomadic propensities of a restless youth. What use was it to offer bounties for large families when the young men would not marry?

Many a river and lake, from the St. Lawrence to the far North and West, illustrate the progress of these rovers of past centuries. Lac des Chats on the Ottawa River, l'Anse à la bouteille on Lake Superior, and the Qu'Appelle River on the Western prairies are all memorials of these adventurers. Their rendezvous, once or twice a year, was Montreal.

MIGHTY HUNTERS BEFORE THE LORD

After the acquisition of Canada by Great Britain, the fur trade was vigorously prosecuted by two great companies, whose headquarters were in London and Montreal.

As early as 1670, Charles II. of England gave a charter to Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, and other Englishmen of rank and wealth, to trade and hunt exclusively in the territories long known as Rupert's Land.

The early operations of this Company were confined during the French regime to the country which had easy access to Hudson's and James's Bays. The French of Canada always looked with jealousy on this English enterprise, and French adventurers, notably the brave Lemoine d'Iberville, on two occasions captured and destroyed the English posts. Still the Company persevered in their enterprise, and were well established when Montcalm and Wolfe fell on the Plains of Abraham.

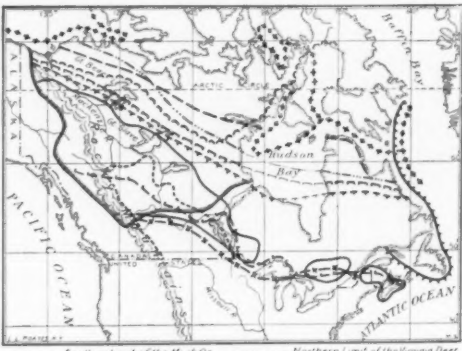
Soon after the Treaty of Paris a number of wealthy, enterprising merchants of Montreal established a company to prosecute the fur trade in the great Northwest, into which La Verendrye and other bold Frenchmen of the old régime had been the first to venture.

FOUR THOUSAND HUNTERS

This new company carried on its operations with so much activity that in thirty years' time it employed four thousand persons—largely French half-breeds or *Métis*—and established sixty posts from the Red River to the Pacific Ocean.

Some of the servants of the Northwest Company, notably Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and David Thompson, became explorers of the vast region watered by the Columbia, and the rivers which still recall their names.

The rivalry between the two companies at last became so serious as to threaten the ruin of both, and it was found necessary in 1821 to amalgamate them. From that time the Hudson's Bay Company became supreme throughout Rupert's



MAP OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST GAME PRESERVE

Land and the Indian territories extending to the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the Pacific coast where they had posts at the mouth of the Columbia, on Vancouver Island, and other places in British Columbia, then called *Nova Caledonia*.

After the confederation of the British North American provinces the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered its privileges in Rupert's Land for a large sum of money and grants of valuable land, which now yield it a considerable revenue year by year.

THE DECIMATION OF THE BUFFALO

A new province has grown up in the country watered by the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and fields of grain now wave on the prairies of the Indian territories, where we may still see the deeply indented tracks of the countless buffaloes which ranged this region of nutritious grasses for centuries until at last they were so thoroughly decimated for the sake of food and furs that it has been necessary to preserve a few specimens as natural curiosities. It is only in the far North—in the poplar groves of the country between the forks of the Athabasca and Peace Rivers—that we find some "wood buffalo," which are much larger, and have a heavier wool, than the "plain buffalo," once so numerous.

Although the purchase of the great Company's rights by the Canadian Government has removed the monopoly which it once possessed as fur traders, and has opened up all the territories of Canada to individual enterprise, it still remains the richest and largest corporation in the world for the purchase and sale of peltry. Its forts or posts are still found on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and on the banks of those numerous lakes and rivers which stretch like a chain from the valley of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes as far as the mouth of the mighty river discovered by Mackenzie.

As we stand on the rugged height of land which divides the Winnipeg from the Laurentian Basin, we are within easy reach of rivers which flow, some to Arctic seas, some to the Atlantic, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. If we ascend the Saskatchewan River to the Rocky Mountains we shall find ourselves within measurable distance of the headwaters of the Mackenzie, the Columbia, the Fraser, and the Missouri.

THE COUNTRY OF THE FUR ANIMALS

This natural system of intercommunication has necessarily always given remarkable facilities for the prosecution of the fur trade by the great company, whose chief northern post is still York Factory by the bay to which its ships have regularly come every summer for two hundred and thirty years with supplies for the northern posts, and returned with cargoes of furs. Year by year, as settlement advances, the fur animals disappear, and the Company's business is now, for the most part, confined to the immense region stretching to the north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, and eastward from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and eastward as far as Labrador—in other words, to the unsettled districts of Canada provisionally named Athabasca, Keewatin, Ungava, and Mackenzie.

Some of the old forts, once so famous in the history of the Northwest, have been dismantled. Of Upper Fort Garry, named in honor of a prominent director when it was built in 1835 within the limits of the present city of Winnipeg, there now remains only the main gate. Near where it stood we see now a splendid stone structure—an immense Department Store—erected by the Company to meet modern requirements.

Like the Prince of Wales Fort on Hudson's Bay, which was taken by Admiral de la Prouse in 1772, and of which there are now only a few piles of stones. The walls and bastions of Fort Garry were built of solid masonry, and were defended by artillery. The old fort, which once stood in Victoria, British Columbia, was a good specimen of the plan generally followed in the construction of the generality of the four posts in the times when the Company was monarch. Palisades of pickets from ten to twenty feet high surrounded half a dozen solid timber buildings of a square or oblong form, one of which was used as the residence of the factor, another as a shop for the sale of the guns, ammunition, gay cloths and blankets, and other goods coveted by the Indians, another as a storehouse for the peltry, and others for the accommodation of the lower class of employees.

A DASH INTO THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

When sailed that little bark which bore the hopes of the illustrious adventurers around the cold and barren promontories of Hudson's Bay, the prospects of empire and commerce were very dim, shrouded in the gloom of impenetrable forests and darkened by the perils of savage hostility. Long ago these obstacles were swept away by the heroic endurance and persistent push of the hardy factors and their followers.

Modern conditions of competition now demand from the Company's officials a shrewd knowledge of the public mind and a degree of tact and energy which is more necessary in the present than were the flint-lock musket and heavy sidearms in the buckskin period when the Company was sovereign.

The fur-trading posts stretch from the bleak shores of the Labrador coast to the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, and from the forty-ninth parallel to the Arctic seas. The Company's steamboats ply upon the Saskatchewan, Athabasca, Slave, Mackenzie, Skeena, and Stikine Rivers, and the canoes and dog-teams are now chiefly seen in the inaccessible districts. The Company, with its experience of over two centuries, can supply all the wants of sportsmen, and also issue circular letters of credit on all its inland posts.

FURS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

The catalogues of the large fur sales held annually in London, still the world's principal mart of the trade, show what a

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BADGER

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RED FOX

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BULL ELK

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TIMBER WOLF

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MOOSE

variety of Canadian animals are necessary for the comfort, health and luxurious habits of modern humanity.

The skin now most prized and highest-priced is the silver or black fox, noted for its rich glossy black fur and its exterior hairs of a silver white. In 1900 an exceptionally beautiful skin brought nearly three thousand dollars—the highest ever paid; but the average value of good skins varies from three hundred and fifty dollars to one hundred dollars.

The fur next in value is that of the sea otter, for which twelve hundred dollars was paid in 1900. The fur is soft and fine, and varies in color from dark chestnut to a deep brown, according to the age of the animal. It is now very rare, and only one skin was offered by the Hudson's Bay Company in March, 1901, and brought only five hundred and forty dollars, as prices of nearly all furs have been of late exceedingly low. The common otter, of which large quantities are sold every year, only brings, at the highest, six dollars, and even as low as two dollars for a common skin. The skins of the blue fox—the favorite fur of Catherine de Medici—are much in demand, and bring as high as thirty dollars each. Cross, gray, white, and red foxes bring from forty dollars for the first to five dollars for a good specimen of the common red.

The marten, of which a large number are taken in the north of Canada, is much prized, and one superior quality—a dark, glossy fur—is called the American sable, and can hardly be distinguished from the choice Russian skin. Canadian skins range from twenty dollars to five dollars, according to quality.

The fur of the mink, very numerous still, is shorter and more glossy than the marten, and varies in value from six dollars to as low as fifty cents. The choice ermine, which is akin to the weasel, and much in demand, is pure white, with a black-tipped tail, when caught in good condition in the winter. Chillon's famous picture of her late Majesty Queen Victoria at her coronation represents her in a splendid robe, trimmed with this royal fur, which also forms the border of the crown, and is conspicuous in the adornment of the state robes and coronets of the English nobility.

BEARS, MUSK-OXEN, AND BEAVERS

The black bear, which finds a congenial habitat from Cape Breton to the Mackenzie, brings from fifty dollars to fifteen dollars. The skin of the musk-ox, which is a denizen of the "Barren Grounds" and the Arctic region of Canada, has taken the place of that of the extinct buffalo for sleigh robes. It varies in price from fifty dollars to as low as five dollars for a poor article. Even the skunk of unsavory fame is now much in demand on account of its soft, thick fur, to which has even been given the name of "black marten." The beaver, the staple fur of the French régime, is now becoming scarce and its price varies greatly according to fashion. Even the skin of the inoffensive rabbit has now a positive market value, as it is dressed, clipped and dyed a deep brown, almost black, and then becomes what is called "electric seal" much in vogue for ladies' jackets.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FUR MARKET

The variety and quantity of the furs offered by the Great Company at its annual London sales can be best understood by reference to the following list for 1901: Beaver, 42,582 skins; musquash, 917,944; rabbits, 6,593; common otter, 9,160; sea otter, 1; fisher, 3,437; silver fox, 317; cross fox, 1,851; blue fox, 24; red fox, 5,831; white fox, 2,906; marten, 55,329; mink, 47,560; lynx, 4,446; wolf, 2,589; wool-verine, 772; skunk, 6,027; raccoon, 9,058; badger, 655; ermine, 11,664; black bear, 7,829; brown bear, 773; gray bear, 196; white bear, 58; musk-ox, 559; hair seal, 3,593; deer, 100; besides many caribou and moose skins not enumerated.

The sales of Hudson's Bay Company's furs have realized at this year's sales in London only \$1,150,000, or nearly \$400,000 less than in 1900, on account of low prices and decreased quantity—silver fox having fallen sixty per cent, blue foxes fifty-three, red foxes forty, cross, and white foxes thirty-five, and so on. The Company's furs are all exported from Victoria, Vancouver, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg—the principal distributing and collecting centre—and Montreal to London, where they are sold by the great house of C. M. Sampson & Co.

It is two hundred and thirty years since Prince Rupert, the Duke of York, Dryden, and other men distinguished for birth and genius, met in Garraway's coffee-house in London for the first official sale of the Company, and ever since that time its annual sales have become an established feature of London's commerce.

There are several sales in the year, for beaver, muskrats, and seal skins, but the most important comes off in March. These sales attract purchasers from all over the world, and a large quantity of valuable Canadian furs find their way to Europe, Asia, and America—not a few to Leipsic, where there is a remarkable exhibit at the annual fair.

All skins are first dried either by the sun or artificial heat, and no chemicals are used by experts. These raw skins are carefully inspected by intending purchasers at the warehouses before the sale, at which buyers are provided with complete printed catalogues of the various lots. Canada exports only a small quantity of dressed skins—only \$81,000, or a thirtieth part of the value of the total export of furs.

In the list of sales the reader will notice a quantity of "hair seals," but these are only the common seals of Arctic waters, with short, stiff hairs, and worth from one dollar to fifty cents. They are generally used for boots, shoes, covers of trunks and chairs, but there is a finer sort, which is dyed dark and made into soldiers' caps and overcoats. The expensive seal, so valuable for ladies' garments, is known as the "fur seal" (*genus otaria*), and is found only to perfection in the waters of the

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BEAR

Northern Pacific or Bering Sea, especially off the coast of Alaska, and the Aleutian and Pribyloff Islands.

STOPPING THE SLAUGHTER OF SEALS

The indiscriminate slaughter of this valuable animal has been wisely stopped of late years by the arrangements made between England and the United States as a result of the troublesome negotiations which arose after the seizure of certain British Columbian sealers in the open sea, for which compensation was subsequently awarded by a joint commission and paid by the United States Government.

This Canadian industry has now decreased in importance on account of the restrictions imposed on the capture of the seal. Its value for each, the past three years, has been about \$450,000 and the annual catch about 35,000 seals.

They are nearly all exported to London and Paris, where the art of dyeing them a rich dark brown is best understood. Ladies' jackets or sacques vary from four hundred and fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars, according to size and quality, and though such goods are exported to America from London and Paris, they are chiefly manufactured from the dressed skins for Canadian wear in Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto.

AMERICAN LADIES AS FUR SMUGGLERS

For many years American ladies made periodical visits to Canadian cities for the purpose of buying jackets on account of their cheapness and excellent quality. Women, we all know, are born smugglers, and in this case managed to carry them across the border by wearing them as a matter of course.

After the Bering Sea settlement, the officials of Uncle Sam became very strict, and did not hesitate to confiscate valuable garments in railway trains when they were clearly new and

purchased since the passage of the regulations intended to protect the seal. At one time it seemed as if there would be an international difficulty on account of the clamor raised by ladies suddenly deprived of their choice furs when they had just crossed the border. War has been happily averted by the issue of consular certificates to Canadian visitors to the United States, and by the adoption of less aggressive measures on the part of customs officials.

FREE HUNTERS OF THE NORTH

In this article I have given special attention to the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company for the very obvious reason that it is easy in its case to obtain full and accurate information not available with respect to the many free traders who have gone into the business for the past thirty years.

An authority on furs informs me that the annual output of all the small competitors amounts to a total equalling, if not exceeding, that of the Great Company itself. The principal traders live in Winnipeg, Edmonton—always an important point of connection with the northern fur region—Montreal, and Quebec.

One large firm in the ancient capital, after supplying the demands of its Canadian customers, shipped furs last year to London to the value of nearly \$100,000. The trade returns of the Dominion show that at the present time the total value of the Canadian export of furs reaches about \$2,400,000, of which only \$100,000 represents manufactured goods, chiefly sold in the United States. These figures include the output of the Hudson's Bay Company, and represent the value of the total quantity of Canadian raw skins sold yearly in London by Sampson & Co.

We may fairly assume that upward of a million dollars' worth of skins remain in Canada for the purpose of domestic consumption and consequently do not appear in the trade returns. Canada is also obliged to buy a large quantity of furs not produced in Canada—coon and opossum from the United States, Persian lamb and Russian astrakhan, Indian tiger and leopards, South American chinchilla, and even Australian rabbit, wombat, and wallaby.

To encourage the manufacture of furs in Canada, there is no duty on raw skins, and only fifteen per cent on dressed skins. Very few made-up goods are purchased in the United States.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION DRIVING OUT GAME

With the progress of settlement in the north and north-west of Canada, the fur-bearing animals must be limited ere long entirely to the great unorganized districts already mentioned, but here—especially in the Mackenzie region—for many years to come the Great Company and free traders will continue to find the skins they seek.

The fur trade of Canada however, has long since sunk into insignificance, compared with its proportions half a century ago. The country decried by a French philosopher as a region of ice and snow which France could well spare is now famous as a large exporter of the best of wheat and apples, and other products which attest the richness of the soil and the favorable climatic conditions for the sustenance of human life.

The fur trade has now lost the picturesque aspect it sometimes assumed during the French dominion and in the palmy days when the factors of the Great Company were Lords of the North.

THE PASSING OF THE FUR HUNTER

The songs of the traders and *voyageurs* are now rarely heard in these prosaic times when the canoe and the batteau have given place to the propeller. As a conspicuous figure of the fur trade the *Metis* or Canadian half-breeds of the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan Rivers are disappearing fast. These people are now settling down to a regular agricultural life, and the hunters and trappers of a once restless race will soon fade into romance and history, like their more famous ancestors, the *couteurs de bois*, whose memory is now only recalled as we pass by storm-vexed cape, or landlocked bay, or rapid river, to which may still cling the names they gave as they swept along with song and jest in the days of the French régime.

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BEAVER

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WOODLAND CARIBOU

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WILD CAT



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"CALLING THE MOOSE"

Moose "calling" is not an ideally sportsmanlike method of capturing the game, but is nevertheless practised by many. A horn is made of birch bark, about fifteen inches long, and shaped like a cornucopia. In the mating season the call can be employed to advantage by a skilful hunter. Great caution is imperative,

for if a bull should be close at hand he would certainly detect the ruse and be off as swiftly and silently as a shadow. It is, therefore, customary to call at half hour intervals, the first calls being very low, so that should a moose be near, he will not be frightened at the suddenness and closeness of the sound.



"THE RIGHT OF THE ROAD"

DRAWN BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN GOLF



W. J. TRAVIS



C. H. SEELEY

EVEN THE casual observer has noticed that golf is passing into the hands of those who really love it and out of the hands of the "faddists." There is always a certain number of people who take up every new game just because it is "the proper thing," and golf has been no exception to the rule.

This year has been a test year for both players and clubs. There is no question that the number of players of golf has diminished, and you can see the wisecracks shaking their heads and croaking that golf is going the way of tennis, horseback riding, and bicycling, and soon there will be very few playing it; but, as a matter of fact, what golf is losing in "quantity" is more than made up in "quality," and this year sees the game in better condition than ever before.

The Metropolitan Championship was held in May at the Apawamis Club, and was hardly representative, inasmuch as the early spring had rendered very little good practice and Apawamis was not in the best of condition. Travis was caught off his form and beaten by Seeley, not by any fault of his, but merely from a physical lack of practice.

The Intercollegiate Championship was held at Atlantic City in May also, and was chiefly interesting as a team match. Team matches of late years have not been very popular, and outside of the universities have not had any support. It was a foregone conclusion that the match would speedily become a contest between Harvard and Yale, and the prophets were not wrong in their conclusions. It was hoped that the universities would turn out some sterling, steady players, but in this the golfing world was destined to be disappointed; brilliant golfers, yes, and many of them, but erratic. Harvard won the team match by a comfortable margin. Lindsey of Harvard won the individual championship, showing only mediocre golf. On the whole, the showing of the university men was a disappointment.

The Amateur Championship was held at Atlantic City in September, and was of the sensational order. The players were gathered into two groups, one headed by such men as Travis and Douglas, the other by the young set, headed by Egan and Holabird. It was a very much mooted question as to whether the older and more experienced players would not have to retire in favor of the younger fry. This was accentuated by Travis and Egan appearing in the finals, when the superior golf and sounder judgment of the older man clearly outclassed the younger.

It was in this tournament that the rubber filled ball was introduced and received its first serious consideration. Travis played with the ball for the first time, and has only words of praise for it. The ball had not been a success up to that time on account of its tendency to "duck," but some ingenious soul discovered that renouncing it with a little more gutta percha and heavier markings obviated this tendency, and it was with this kind of a ball that Travis played. The merits of the new ball is, however, by no means settled.

Low scoring in medal play has so far been the feature of this golfing year in the women's events. With the National Championship still in the future, the Metropolitan as a standard gains in importance. Miss Hecker's 95 and Miss Oliver's 98 in the qualifying round clearly indicate the advance Americans are slowly but surely making. In match play against Mrs. Pendleton Rogers, Miss Oliver made 92, a score which many a man might well consider creditable. Nor were these low figures due in any sense to a shortened course, the official distance being 6,033 yards. Nassau is essentially a long-distance course, being peculiarly far from bunkers and possessing many holes of unusual length. Miss Hecker, Miss Oliver, Miss Griscom and Mrs. Ashville will be watched with interest during the coming struggle for national honors.

H. S. BROOKS, JR.



WALTER EGAN



FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN TENNIS



W. A. LARNED



BEALS C. WRIGHT

TWO EVENTS stand out distinctly in the present lawn tennis season which is about at an end—the failure of the English players to compete for the Davis International Challenge Trophy, after all arrangements had been made for the matches, and the superb line of victories of the veteran, William A. Larned, and his final triumph in the Twenty-first Annual Championship Tournament at Newport.

In cancelling the international contests the English Lawn Tennis Association really paid to the Americans one of the greatest compliments received by our experts. It meant nothing less than that they could not hope to win with anything but their best men, the famous Doherty brothers. It was impossible for one of the Dohertys to make the journey to this country, as he was in ill health.

Whether the ranking committee will decide to place Larned as the leading player of the country for this season is a question of decided interest among the tennis following. The decision of Malcolm D. Whitman, the former champion, to default his title to Larned, leaves this question open and in doubt, because the majority are of the opinion from Whitman's unparalleled past performances that he is still the best man in the country. Precedent, however, is apt to be followed and the champion given the top bracket in the ranking, followed by the names of Whitman, Davis and Ward, in that order.

When Whitman decided at the beginning of the season to withhold his entry from the singles in the various tournaments, and to relinquish a majority of his championship titles by default, there was a general feeling that by so doing interest in those events would decrease. It was proven rather speedily that this opinion was in error. Whitman's work in the finals at Newport, and the taking of the Massachusetts State championship on the Longwood Cricket Club courts, are the two bits that stand out most distinctly in his season's work.

Dwight F. Davis and Holcombe Ward made a journey abroad at the beginning of the season and participated in the English championships, with the result that their performances here since their return have been of a very high order.

The National Women's Championship resulted in a victory for Miss Bessie Moore, who as challenger defeated Miss Myrtle McAtee, the holder of the title. The tourney was held, at Wissahickon, and in all the years that this meeting has been held it is doubtful if so strong an entry list was ever before secured, for among those who entered were Miss Atkinson, Miss Moore, and Miss Jones, all former holders of the championship, and regarded as the representative women players of the country. In every way is this tournament remarkable, as it demonstrates that the women experts are developing a superior mastery.

The showing of Beals C. Wright and W. J. Clothier upon the occasion of their visit to England was on the whole very satisfactory. It is true that they were beaten, but in the South of England championship at Eastbourne, Clothier was beaten by H. S. Mahony, and Wright was beaten by G. W. Hilliard. As Hilliard lost to S. H. Smith in the next round, and Smith eventually won the tournament and beat the holder, H. L. Doherty, the American showing was by no means bad. The indefatigable Paret won the Connecticut State championship after defeating H. L. Galpin and Lewis S. Perry.

The record of the season shows that the entry lists of all the tournaments have been better filled than a year ago, and that the general standard of the game in this country, both in the skill of the players and the administration of the ruling, has been brought to a higher standard of perfection, and more nearly on a line with those of the English courts than has been the case heretofore.

JAMES PRYER ALLEN.



W. G. CLOTHIER



J. PARMLEY PARET

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN YACHTING



"AMORITA"



"MIREOLA"

MARITIME SPIRIT, so far as it is fostered and developed by yachting, was never stronger in the United States than in the opening year of the twentieth century. The summer of 1901 has been notable not only for preparations for the celebration of the semi-centennial of the "blue ribbon of the sea," the America's Cup, but has witnessed a strong and widespread interest in yachting in general. Increased wealth in all classes, and a decided tendency on the part of young American business men to give more time to sports than did their fathers, has resulted in the development of a class of Corinthian sailors whose skill and daring in small yacht sailing have raised American yachting to a higher plane than ever reached before the days of boats like *Micula*, *Knight*, *Anacita*, etc.

In racing boats the demand has been for cabin classes of good beam and moderate sail area, while in cruising boats there has been a leaning toward the yawl type, heretofore not so much appreciated here as in England. The admirable seagoing qualities and easily managed sail plan of this type is specially attractive to the single-handed cruiser, and has been more to the fore this year than ever before.

At Newport, some smart races have been sailed between the uniform design 30-footers, with the result that R. Brooks's *Wa-Wa* bore off the season's honors, with 11 firsts and 13 seconds in 46 starts. P. Jones's *Carolina* being second and H. O. Havemeyer Jr.'s *Esperanza* third.

No more wholesome expression of the sport has been witnessed anywhere this year than in Massachusetts Bay, where, under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, whose aim is to develop designing as well as racing, there has been most animated and exciting sport between boats restricted not only as to sail plan, but detail of construction as well. The result has been the retirement of "freak" boats from Massachusetts fleets, and the substitution of normal and safe craft of beautiful lines and strong

build. Leaders in the racing under this Association's rules have been *Calypso II* and *Flirt*, in the order named, on percentage averages for the season. They are 25-foot cabin boats, very fast and handsome. In the knockabout and raceabout classes the season's racing has been excellent.

On the Sound there has been a continuous series of club and open races, cruises and club runs, there being more and better boats afloat than in any previous season. The imported English cutters *Eelin*, *Isolde*, *Hester*, and *Senta* have attracted general attention, and have given Americans no reason to feel nervous, as did the Watson cutter *Mudge*, imported in 1881, whose record of 7 firsts in 8 starts set designers a-thinking, and whose work here revolutionized American yacht designing.

On Pacific and inland waters racing has been unprecedentedly active. Boats have been built and yacht clubs formed in the past season on lakes in the Middle-West where racing has never previously been indulged in.

At Chicago, the Canada Cup—won originally at Toledo by *Canada*, in 1896, and since stubbornly contested for by American and Canadian boats, with the last win an American one—was won back for Canada by *Invader*, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, going against *Cadillac*, sailing for the Chicago Yacht Club. It was promptly challenged for by the Rochester (N. Y.) Yacht Club, whose challenge has been accepted.

At Lake St. Louis, the Scawanaka Challenge Cup, another international small yacht trophy, was successfully defended by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club with the Dugan design boat *Sennerville* against the English challenger *Grey Friar*. It was at once challenged for by the Bridgeport Yacht Club, and the challenge has been accepted.

Yacht designing is now flourishing, and home designers have in hand more orders than ever before in the history of American yachting.

WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.



"RAINBOW"



"QUISETTA"

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN AUTOMOBILES



W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.,
IN HIS "RED DEVIL"



FOXHALL KEENE AS AN
AUTOMOBILIST

ON THE 9th of last month, seventy-nine self-propelled road vehicles, ranging from a motor-bicycle to a 3-ton steam truck and a 30-horsepower racer, started from New York on a five days' run to Rochester. During the third and fourth days they encountered heavy rains, and throughout they were forced at a killing pace over roads which for general atrociousness could hardly be matched in the country. Of the seventy-nine starters, forty-one were officially timed at the end of their four hundred miles' run, and several others arrived too late for record. But for the President's death, the run would have continued to Buffalo, and many of the participants went thither as it was.

Two years ago, a collective run of any sort over this course would have been impossible. It is a trite remark that automobiles are increasing in number, and that they are better able each year to endure hard knocks; but such figures as these bring the fact home with vivid emphasis. To some manufacturers, no doubt, the endurance run was of value mainly in pointing out wherein their machines could be improved; but after all, its chief lesson was to the public, to whom it gave unimpeachable evidence that the automobile, at its best, is no longer an experiment but a thing for hard and continued service.

Good roads being the natural corollary to the automobile, the demand for them is destined to increase in the next few years as never before. To voice this demand is one of the objects of the many automobile clubs; and to protect the motorist from unjust attack—while *pari passu* discountenancing reckless driving—is another and most important one.

The most important piece of motor vehicle legislation of the past twelve months has been the amendment to the New York State highway law, passed last April through the ef-

forts of the A.C.A. It is in effect a bill of rights, securing to automobiles in this State equal rights with all other vehicles, and debarring local bodies from making speed limits lower than eight and fifteen miles an hour in town and country respectively.

Abroad, and in this country as well, the development of the touring vehicle has been in the direction of added power and speed; the latter, on this side of the water, reaching a maximum of about twenty-five to thirty miles an hour on the level. This may be considered a fair limit for comfort, and on an open road is not too fast. There are signs already that automobile touring will ere long be one of the great national diversions in England and France, we may yet see a revival of old coaching days.

The non-touring classes of vehicles—runabouts, fashionable rigs for city use, and racers—are becoming more and more sharply differentiated. The last named, growing larger and larger, have already shown that the ultimate limit of speed is a question not of mechanics, but of the driver's nerve; and the Automobile Club of France has lately felt compelled to restrict the weight of road racers to 900 kilograms or 2,000 pounds in all races except those for the Gordon Bennett cup. In this country, cursed though it is with unridable roads, the astonishing performances of these road locomotives have attracted wide attention, and the past season has seen a notable increase in the number of European racing and touring machines imported here. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Albert C. Bostwick, Foxhall Keene, David Wolfe Bishop, George J. Gould, Albert R. Shattuck, president of the A.C.A., and John W. Gates are a few whose names will at once be recalled in this connection.

HERBERT L. TOWLE.



PRES. SHATTUCK, AUTO-
MOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA



MR. AND MRS. BROWNING,
LONG-DISTANCE RIDERS

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN POLO



C. RANDOLPH SNOWDEN
NO. 1



J. M. WATERBURY, JR.,
NO. 2

ON THE WHOLE, the polo season of 1901 marks another era in the general advancement of the sport.

As a rule the matches played at the different tournaments on the circuit were very closely contested, and the wisdom of the handicap system was clearly demonstrated. The season began with the Lakewood tournament early in May, and in all of the matches played at Georgian Court the widest margin by which any team won was seven goals. As a rule the teams were only separated by a fraction of a goal. There was a noticeable improvement in the playing of the second-class men throughout the season, and in many instances the younger players showed that they have grasped the finer points of polo not only in individual ability but also in team work.

At nearly all of the tournaments there was a splendid field of entries, but the old inter-club spirit of rivalry was lacking on account of the overweening desire of many good players to be on winning teams. This led to a general freebooter movement, and several of the clubs that won cups were clubs in name only. This was particularly true at Narragansett Pier, where players represented different clubs in different events rather than sticking to their own home colors, and the chief aim seemed to be to get up a crack team that could win from some other all-star combination. Under the handicap, the most successful bona fide team of the season was Bryn Mawr, which is composed of four men who have been playing together for years, and who have developed combination play to a very high degree.

In mid-summer, however, Bryn Mawr split up and the players sought honors on other teams. The tournaments at Philadelphia, Cedarhurst, Meadowbrook, Country Club of Westchester, Narragansett Pier and Newport brought out some very high class polo. The hardest fought match of the year was the game between Myopia and Westchester at Narragansett Pier. At the end of the last period the score was a tie, and it took six minutes and twenty-nine seconds extra time before Westchester was able to make the winning goal.

The polo championship games were played at the Country Club, Brookline, Mass. The junior event was won by Rockaway, composed of W. A. Hazard, Rene La Montagne, Jr., R. J. Collier, and P. F. Collier. This team defeated Myopia and Dedham second teams in well-played matches.

The senior championship was a foregone conclusion, as Lakewood had rather easily defeated Myopia at Newport, and earlier in the season Myopia had won from Dedham. Lakewood outclassed both of the New England teams in every department of the game, defeating Myopia by a score of 23 to 4 in the preliminary contest, and winning from Dedham in the final by a score of 13½ to 3.

Myopia showed by its play that it had not kept abreast of the times, but clung to antiquated theories of ground-gaining, playing more of an individual than a team game. Dedham, on the other hand, with a well-defined system of play, lacked the individual ability to put it into operation against the brilliant all-around company of players presented by Lakewood. The conditions under which the championships were played were far from being ideal, but as an object lesson, showing the development the sport is capable of by first-class players, the games were instructive and served a very useful purpose. The winners of the Astor gold cup were: C. Randolph Snowden, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., Foxhall Keene, and L. Waterbury.

It is no easy matter to figure out how a really first-class American team would compare with the best team in England. American polo is ripe for such a contest, and there are many experts who would pin their faith on the dash-and-get-there spirit of the champion Lakewood team as against the steady-going quality of any English team they might happen to meet.

Polo in America has reached its highest state of development at Georgian Court, and having won the championship of the United States, Lakewood can put a team in the field that is in every way worthy of making a try for international honors.

J. J. McNAMARA.



FOXHALL KEENE, CAPT.,
NO. 3



LAWRENCE WATERBURY
NO. 4

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN RACING



NASTURTIUM



VOLODYOVSKI
W. C. Whitney's Derby Winner

THE RACING SEASON of 1901 will go down in history as the most successful since the running of thoroughbreds became a business. At the "New York tracks"—Morris Park, Sheepshead Bay, Gravesend, Brighton, Saratoga, and even at the little Aqueduct track—the sport has been widely patronized. It has come to be the most popular pastime nowadays, even though it costs money to enjoy it. The most interesting feature of racing this year has been the development and the campaign of the two-year-olds. It was only lately that the great Western filly, Endurance-by-Right, proved herself to be the superior of all other fillies, including Blue Girl and Leonora Loring, and also a better racer than many colts. It was Endurance-by-Right's remarkable victory over C. H. Mackay's colt, Heno, at Gravesend that convinced turfmen that J. W. Schorr's filly was entitled to be called "Queen of the Turf." But it would be stretching it a bit to say that Endurance-by-Right is the best two-year-old of the year. It is true that she has displayed marvellous speed and a wonderful ability to pick up weight, but until she has vanquished such crack youngsters as William C. Whitney's Nasturtium, Yankee, or Goldsmith, it would not be exactly fair to yield the palm to the daughter of Inspector B. Early Morn. The master of Volodyovski should have a trial.

By many horsemen it is conceded that Nasturtium is the colt of the year. The Watercress colt showed his worth in the Flatbush Stakes at Sheepshead Bay when he defeated Goldsmith and Endurance-by-Right. His triumph in this instance was of such a nature that there was no longer left a doubt as to the colt's true merits. It was the consensus of opinion then that he was the master of Yankee, the Futurity winner, and of all other two-year-old colts. Nasturtium's defeat at the instance of Blue Girl and his disappointing performance in the Futurity were, of course, black marks against the colt's record; but, the fact remains just the same,

that for speed, stamina, general appearance and disposition, Nasturtium is the King Colt.

The three-year-old class this year has been limited to a few sterling performers. At the outset it looked as if James R. Keene's noted Commando, by Domino-Emma C., would sweep all before him in the various stake events in which he was engaged. But the colt went wrong early in the game, his surprising defeat in the Realization Stakes by R. T. Wilson, Jr.'s The Parader, being due, it was afterward learned, to a cracked hoof. That virtually ended the career of Commando, for he has since been retired to the stud. Commando's stable mate, Conroy, who won the Brooklyn Handicap in dashing style, also became a cripple shortly after his victory and has not been seen in a race since. Commando and Conroy, had they been able to remain in the arena, would probably have headed the three-year-old class. In their absence, we must turn to Blues, Watercolor, and Roehampton.

The year has been remarkable for the breaking down of the best horses in the aged division. The best now left appears to be Herbert, who can carry weight, go a distance and make fast time in any kind of going. He was "in the money" in the Brooklyn Handicap, and has run many good races since then. Advance Guard, Kamara, Alcedo, First Whip, Toddy, Ten Candles, Decanter, Watercure, Sidney Lucas, Brigadier, Wax Taper, Louisville, The Rhymer, and St. Finian are all that can be said to be worthy of notice.

A recent innovation is the "no recall" system of starting, which was inaugurated during the fall Gravesend meeting for the first time in the East. The plan had been successfully tried in England, Australia, California, and New Orleans, so that there appeared to be no reason why it should not be tried here with success. But judging from the complaints of patrons of racing the "no recall" system will be slow in working its way to the height of popularity.

JOSEPH VILA.



ENDURANCE-BY-RIGHT



YANKEE

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THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IN CANADA



VOYAGEURS AND INDIANS COMING IN CANOES TO VISIT THE ROYAL PARTY



A PLUNGE DOWN THE TIMBER-SLIDES OVER THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE

MONTREAL remained with us a memory of mud and cold and sadly disorganized festivities as the train rolled away on its long westward journey. The shadow of a great tragedy, the knowledge of a nation's sorrowful leavetaking of its great Chief Magistrate still hung over every ceremony in the commercial capital of the Dominion.

A new day and a new country gave us a new courage as we sped westward. The incidents by the way helped to relieve us of the heavy grief that had pressed upon us in Montreal. At the wayside stations the royal train was met by deputations representing the large populations back from the railway line. There was a deal of spontaneous loyalty in these rustic greetings that came as a welcome change from the dull monotony of stolid civic receptions.

LOYAL SUBJECTS AT OTTAWA

And so to Ottawa; and there in its broad, stone-fronted streets, gay with banners and bright with sunshine, the Duke and Duchess received the best ovation they had yet experienced in Canada. The capital had collected, from all quarters of the Dominion, thousands to greet the Heir-Apparent. They lined the streets, they hung out of windows, they crowded the square in front of the Houses of Parliament. And every man cheered — cheered as though the reputation of the Dominion for loyalty depended upon his individual lungs.

On Parliament Hill a pavilion had been erected, and there the dignitaries awaited the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. Some ten thousand school children lined the broad walk from the outer street, and from their childish throats came the solemn stanzas of the national anthem. It was a sweetly beautiful greeting, and their Royal Highnesses were much touched by its simple warmth of welcome. The addresses over, the presentation at an end, the royal party drove away to Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General.

In the afternoon, grown colder and more turbulent, the Duke and Duchess attended a match for the Lacrosse championship of Canada.

On Saturday the people had opportunity to see the man and the woman behind the royal Duke and Duchess such as is rarely given to those not intimately connected with the Court. It was part of the day's duties to present medals for service in South Africa. The scene was one to provide a historic picture. The sky spread a cloudless, turquoise dome over the great square filled with happy, gratified townspeople, over the towering Parliament House and its flanking departmental buildings, over the little knoll on which had just been unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria.

Round the base of the knoll was a multi-colored frieze of red and blue and khaki uniforms, on its summit the bright splash of color marking the royal suite. Thither every eye was directed. Before the Duke, brilliant in his uniform as colonel of the Seventh Fusiliers, stood a trooper in khaki, stalwart but sightless, and by his side an officer of the Princess Louise dragoons in full uniform, with the Victoria Cross newly pinned upon his breast.

HONORS TO VETERANS

The trooper was Mulloy, who lost his eyes at Witpoort; the lieutenant was Edward Holland, who gained his V. C.

for conspicuous bravery at Belfast. To Mulloy the Duke spoke his thanks for the devotion that cost so much, and then the Duchess stepped quietly forward. She expressed her sympathy with the blind trooper and then reminded him of how her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Teck, had tended him in hospital, had sent him an easy-chair to sit upon and had told of his sad state to the royal family. The Duchess explained how much pleasure it would give her to report his recovery to her sister, thanked him for the good fight he had fought, and withdrew. It was all most quietly, most simply done; but the crowd knew and understood, and there was a new sympathy in the great cheer with which they hailed princess and hero. The Duchess had become a woman, loving, sympathetic, and Ottawa had thenceforth no binding awe of the royalties.

momentum for the plunge, that nothing could save them from destruction; but they sat calm and silent to emerge placidly on the serene waters of the Ottawa. There, Indians in war canoes awaited them. They changed vessels and were gayly paddled downward to the chanting of Canadian boat songs.

At Rochelle, the party disembarked and stayed watching strange feats of the lumbermen—the rolling of logs, the racing of war canoes. It was a wonderful scene, brilliant with color, instinct with the life of Canada.

Afterward, in a real lumber shanty, their Royal Highnesses ate pork and beans, were entertained with all of the operations of the back woods, and listened to a quaint oration from the foreman lumberman that convulsed the Duke and brought tears of irrepressible laughter to the eyes of the Duchess. It was a day of unaffected simplicity. The Duke and the Duchess were happy, natural, proud of the genial courtesy of their hosts. They were at home in their own great northern territory.

In the evening the scene was changed. It was a reception in the stately Senate Chamber. There royalty resumed its dignity. The men who had laughed with it at noontide advanced according to the strict etiquette of Courts, bowing and courtesying. The world had resumed its true proportions.

OFF FOR THE PACIFIC

From Ottawa, the special carrying the royal visitors passed through long stretches of burned pine, past wayside stations, where loyal addresses were proffered, till we reached Winnipeg, the city of wheat, the capital of Manitoba, where we discovered a loyal welcome, an honest enthusiasm. All sorts of festivities followed. In the afternoon, the Duke opened the science department of the Manitoba University, and later dined with the Lieutenant-Governor.

From Winnipeg the royal train ran westward into the great grain country. A stop of three hours was made at the frontier town, Regina, in the Northwest Territory. On their way to Government House, the royal party rode in a strong wagonette, drawn by four horses, who went knee-deep in the black, glutinous mud. The incident was in striking contrast to the pomp of Ottawa and the ceremony of Winnipeg. The entire population of Regina gathered around an arch of welcome, and what they lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm. Medals were presented to those who had gained them in South Africa.

MOUNTED POLICE AND INDIANS

The next stop was at Calgary, where the entertainment was all outdoors and characteristic of the country in form. There were pony dances by Indians, a review of the Canadian Mounted Police, and exhibitions of riding by the cowboys.

Then came Vancouver, and the welcome of the people of the Pacific Slope. After as many receptions and reviews and dinners and addresses as could be crowded into a day, the Duke and Duchess crossed, in the *Empress of India*, to Victoria. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was there to receive them. Their Highnesses here reached the most westerly point of their journey. They have crossed the continent, and everywhere have found abundant evidence of the loyalty of the Canadians.

DOUGLAS STORY.



THE ROYAL PARTY UNDER THE PAVILION OF PARLIAMENT BUILDING

SHOOTING THE TIMBER SLIDES

Monday, the 23d, was a day of days on the Ottawa River. It opened clear and bright, and their Royal Highnesses were early astir. They were conveyed in a special car to the lumber sheds, and there a little flotilla of cribs or section rafts was awaiting them. On board were voyageurs gay in their poppy-red Garibaldi, with blue overalls and black felt hats. To them was entrusted the navigation of the timber slides that lead over the falls of Chaudiere. These form a long, very steep inclined plane down which the waters of the Ottawa rush to the pool below.

Down these the cribs were hurled, the water sluicing up over the prow of the rafts and washing heavily aft again. To the royal party on board it seemed, as the cribs gained



KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, the "Sarah Williams." It is commonly supposed by his neighbors that he is about to embark in trade. He proposes to take his daughter Kate with him on his first cruise. She goes aboard the ship before her father has completed his arrangements on shore, but with the help of Dickory Charter, a fruit vender, she leaves the vessel at night, because she suspects the crew of being desperate characters. Major Bonnet boards his ship and puts off to sea. On the following day he announces to the crew that he intends to become a pirate captain and that they are all pirates. They cheerfully fall in with his plan. The erratic Major's fellow-townpeople conclude that

he has gone a-pirating, and Madam Bonnet refuses to receive Kate. Kate consults with Martin Newcombe, a young gentleman who aspires to her hand and heart, and determines to take ship for Jamaica, there to live with her uncle. Dame Charter and Dickory accompany her. They are well received by Uncle Delaplaine. Presently Captain Vince of the king's ship "Badger" falls in love with Kate. He is under orders to capture the pirate Bonnet, but promises to spare Kate's father for her sake. During these events Bonnet has boarded his first prize. He spares the ship and crew, and sends letters to his wife and daughter, by the captain. In the course of a dispute with his sailing-master, Big Sam, the latter is thrown overboard by Bonnet's orders.

CHAPTER X—(Continued) CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER VINCE



THE CAPTAIN stretched out his arms as if he would seize her; he rushed to the door through which she had passed, but she was gone. He followed her, shouting to the startled servants who came; he swore, and demanded to see their mistress; he rushed through rooms and corridors, and even made as if he would mount the stairs. Presently a woman came to him and told him that, under no circumstances, could Mistress Bonnet now be seen.

But he would not leave the house. He called for writing materials, but in an instant threw down the pen. Again he called a servant and sent a message, which was of no avail. Dame Charter would have gone down to him, but Kate was in her arms. For several minutes the furious officer stood by the chair in which Kate had been sitting; he could not comprehend the fact that this girl had discarded and had scorned him. And yet, her scorn had not in the least dampened the violence of his love. As she stood and spoke her last bitter words, the grandeur of her beauty had made him speechless to defend himself.

He seized his hat and rushed from the house. Hot and with blazing eyes, he appeared in the counting room of Mr. Delaplaine, and there, to that astounded merchant, he told, with brutal cruelty, of his orders to destroy the pirate Bonnet, his niece's father; and then he related the details of his interview with that niece herself.

Mr. Delaplaine's countenance, at first shocked and pained, grew gradually sterner and colder. Presently he spoke. "I will hear no more such words, Captain Vince," he said, "regarding the members of my family. You say my niece knows not what fortune she trifles with; I think she does. And when she told you she would not accept the offer of your dishonor, I commend her every word."

Captain Vince frowned black as night, and clapped his hand to his sword-hilt; but the pale merchant made no movement of defence, and the captain, striking his clenched fist against the table, dashed from the room. Before he reached his ship he had sworn a solemn oath. He vowed that he would follow that pirate ship; he would kill, burn, destroy, annihilate, but, out of the storm and the fire, he would pick, unharmed, the father of the girl who had entranced him and had spurned him. He laughed savagely as he thought of it. With that dolt of a father in his hands, a man wearing always around his neck the hangman's noose, he would hold the card which would give him the game. What Mistress Kate Bonnet might say or do; what she might like or might not like; what her ideas about honor might be or might not be; it would be a very different thing when he, her imperious lover, should hold the end of that noose in his hand. She might weep, she might rave, but, come what would, she was the man's daughter, and she would be Lady Vince.

So he went on board the *Badger*, and he cursed and he commanded and he raged; and his officers and his men, when the hurried violence of his commands gave them a chance to speak to each other, muttered that they pitied that pirate and his crew when the *Badger* came up with them.

Clouds settled down upon the home of Mr. Delaplaine. There were no visitors, there was no music, there seemed to be no sunshine. The beautiful fabrics, the jewels and the feathers were seen no more. It was Kate of the broken heart who wandered under the trees and among the blossoms, and knew not that there existed such things as cooling shade and sweet fragrance. She could not be comforted; for, although her uncle told her that he had had information that her father's ship had sailed northward, and that it was therefore likely that the corvette would not overtake him,

she could not forget that, whatever of good or evil befell that father, he was a pirate, and he had deserted her. So they said but little, the uncle and the niece, who sorrowed quietly.

Dame Charter was in a strange state of mind. During the frequent visits of Captain Vince she had been apprehensive and troubled, and her only comfort was, that the *Badger* had merely touched at this port to refit, and that she must soon sail away and take with her her captain. The good woman had begun to expect and to hope for the return of Dickory, but, later, she had blessed her stars that he was not there. He was a fiery boy, her brave son, but it would have been a terrible thing for him to become involved with an officer in the navy, a man with a long, keen sword.

Now that the captain had raged himself away from the Delaplaine house, her spirits rose, and her great fear was that the corvette might not leave port before the brig came in. If Dickory should hear of the things that the captain had said—but she banished such thoughts from her mind; she could not bear them.

After some days the corvette sailed, and the Governor spoke well of the diligence and ardor which had urged Captain Vince to so quickly set out upon his path of duty.

"When Dickory comes back," said Dame Charter to Kate, "he may bring some news to cheer your poor heart; things get so twisted in the telling."

Kate shook her head. "Dickory cannot tell me anything now," she said, "that I care to know, knowing so much. My father is a pirate, and a king's ship has gone out to destroy him, and what could Dickory tell me that would cheer me?"

But Dame Charter's optimism was beginning to take heart again and to spread its wings.

"Ah, my dear, you don't know what good things do, in this life, continually crop up. A letter from your father, possibly withheld by that wicked Madam Bonnet—which is what Dickory and I both think—or some good words from the town, that your father has sold his ship and is on his way home. Nobody knows what good news that Dickory may bring with him."

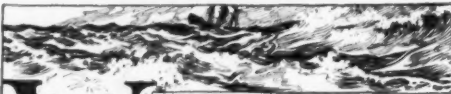
The poor girl actually smiled. She was young, and in the heart of youth there is always room for some good news, or for the hope of them.

But the smile vanished altogether when she went to her room and wrote a letter to Martin Newcombe. In this letter, which was a long one, she told her lover how troubled she had been. That she had nothing now to ask him about the bad news he had, in his kindness, forbore to tell her, and that when he saw Dickory Charter he might say to him from her that there was no need to make any further inquiries about her father; she knew enough, and far too much—more, most likely, than any one in Bridgetown knew. Then she told him of Captain Vince and the dreadful errand of the corvette *Badger*.

Having done this, Kate became as brave as any captain of a British man-of-war, and she told her lover that he must think no more of her; it was not for him to pay court to the daughter of a pirate. And so, she blessed him and bade him farewell.

When she had signed and sealed this letter she felt as if she had torn out a chapter of her young life and thrown it upon the fire.

CHAPTER XI BAD WEATHER



WHEN DICKORY CHARTER sailed away from the island of Jamaica, his reason, had it been called upon, would have told him that he had a good stout brig under him, on which there were people, and ropes and sails, and something to eat and drink. But in

those moments of paradise he did not trouble his reason very much, and lived in an atmosphere of joy which he did not attempt to analyze, but was content to breathe as if it had been the common air about him. He was going away from every one he loved, and yet never before had he been so happy in going to any one he loved. He cared to talk to no one on board, but, in company with his joy, he stood and gazed westward out over the sea.

He was so little younger than she was, and yet that difference, so slight, had lifted him from things of earth and had placed him in that paradise where he now dwelt.

So passed on the hours, so rolled the waves, and so moved the *King and Queen* before the favoring breeze.

It was on the second day out that the breeze began to be less favoring, and there were signs of a storm; and, in spite of his preoccupied condition, Dickory was obliged to notice the hurried talk of the officers about him, he occupying a point of vantage on the quarter-deck. Presently he turned and asked of some one if there was likelihood of bad weather. The mate, to whom he had spoken, said somewhat unpleasantly, "Bad weather enough, I take it, as we may all soon know; but it is not wind or rain. There is bad weather for you! Do you see that?"

Dickory looked, and saw, far away, but still distinct, a vessel under full sail with a little black spot floating high above it.

He turned to the man for explanation. "And what is that?" he said.

"It is a pirate ship," said the other, his face hardening as he spoke, "and it will soon be firing at us to heaven to."

At that moment there was a flash at the bow of the approaching vessel, a little smoke, and then the report of a cannon came over the water.

Without further delay, the captain and crew of the *King and Queen* went to work and hoisted to their brig.

Young Dickory Charter also hoisted to. He did not know exactly why, but his dream stopped sailing over a sea of delight. They stood motionless, their sails flapping in the wind.

"Pirates!" he thought to himself, cold shivers running through him. "Is this brig to be taken? Am I to be taken? Am I not to go to Barbadoes, to Bridgetown, her home? Am I not to take her back the good news which will make her happy? Are these things possible?"

He stared over the water, he saw the swiftly approaching vessel, he could distinguish the skull and bones upon the black flag which flew above her.

These things were possible, and his heart fell; but it was not with fear. Dickory Charter was as bold a fellow as ever stood on the deck in a sea fight, but his heart fell at the thought that he might not be going to her old home and that he might not sail back with good news to her.

As the swift-sailing pirate ship sped on, Ben Greenway came aft to Captain Bonnet; a grievous grin was on the Scotchman's face. "Good greetin' to ye, Master Bonnet," said he; "ye're truly good to your old friends an' neighbors an' pass them not by, even when your pockets are burstin' wi' Spanish gold."

A minute before this, Captain Stede Bonnet had been in a very pleasant state of mind. It was only two days ago that he had captured a Spanish ship, from which he got great gain, including considerable stores of gold. Everything of value had been secured, the tall galloon had been burned, and its crew had been marooned on a barren spot on the coast of San Domingo. The spoils had been divided—at least, every man knew what his share was to be—and the officers and the crew of the *Revenge* were in a well-contented state of mind. In fact, Captain Bonnet would not have sailed after a little brig, certainly unsuited to carry costly cargo, had it not been that his piratical principle made it appear to him a point of conscience to prey upon all mercantile craft, little or big, which might come in his way. Thus it was that he was sailing merrily after the *King and Queen*, when Ben Greenway came to him with his disturbing words.

"What mean you?" cried Bonnet; "know you that vessel?"

"Ay, weel," said Ben: "it is the *King and Queen*, bound, doubtless, for Bridgetown. I tell ye, Master Bonnet, that it was a great deal o' trouble an' expense ye put yersel' to when ye went into yer present line o' business on this ship. Ye could have stayed at home, where she is owned, an' wi' these fine fellows that ye have gathered together, ye might have robbed yer neebors right an' left wi'out the trouble o' goin' to sea."

"Ben Greenway," roared the captain, "I will have no more of this. Is it not enough for me to be annoyed and worried by these everlasting ships of Bridgetown, which keep sailing across my bows, no matter in what direction I go, without hearing your jeers and sneers regarding the matter? I tell you, Ben Greenway, I will not have it. I will not suffer these paltry vessels, filled, perhaps, with the grocers and cloth dealers from my own town, to interfere thus with the bold career that I have chosen. I tell you, Ben Greenway, I'll make an example of this one. I am a pirate, and I will let them know it—these fellows in their floating shops. It will be a fair and easy thing to sink this tub without more ado. I'd rather meet three Spanish ships, even had they naught aboard, than one of these righteous craft commanded by my most respectable friends and neighbors."

Black Paul, the sailing-master, had approached and had heard the greater part of these remarks.

"Better board her and see what she carries," said he, "before we sink her. The men have been talking about her and, many of them, favor not the trouble of marooning those on board of her. So, say most of us, let's get what we can from her and then quickly rid ourselves of her one way or another."

"Tis well!" cried Bonnet; "we can riddle her hull and sink her."

"Wi' the neebors on board?" asked Greenway.

Captain Bonnet scowled blackly.

"Ben Greenway," he shouted, "it would serve you right if I tied you hand and foot and bundled you on board that brig, after we have stripped her, if haply she have anything on board we care for."

"An' then sink her?" asked the Scotchman.

"Ay, sink her!" replied Bonnet. "Thus would I rid myself of a man who vexes me every moment that I lay eyes on him—and, moreover, it would please you; for you would die in the midst of those friends and neighbors you have such a high regard for. That would put an end to your cackle and there would be no gossip in the town about it."

The sailing-master now came aft. The vessel had been put about and was slowly approaching the brig. "Shall we make fast?" asked Black Paul; "if we do we shall have to be quick about it, the sea is rising and that clumsy hulk may do us damage."

For a moment Captain Bonnet hesitated; he was beginning to learn something of the risks and dangers of a nautical life, and here was real danger if the two vessels ran nearer each other. Suddenly he turned and glared at Greenway. "Make fast!" he cried savagely, "make fast!—if it be only for a minute."

"Do ye think in your heart," asked the Scotchman grimly, "that ye're pirate enough for that?"

CHAPTER XII FACE TO FACE



WITH HER HEAD to the wind, the pirate vessel *Revenge* bore down slowly upon the *King and Queen*, now lying to and awaiting her. The stiff breeze was growing stiffer and the sea was rising. The experienced eye of Paul Bittern, the sailing-master of the pirate, now told him that it would be dangerous to approach the brig near enough to make fast to her, even for the minute which Captain Bonnet craved—the minute which would have been long enough for a couple of sturdy fellows to toss on board the prize that exasperating human indictment, Ben Greenway.

"We cannot do it," shouted Black Paul to Bonnet; "we

shall run too near her as it is. Shall we let fly at short range and riddle her hull?"

Captain Bonnet did not immediately answer; the situation puzzled him. He wanted very much to put the Scotchman on board the brig, and after that he did not care what happened. But before he could speak there appeared on the rail of the *King and Queen*, holding fast to a shroud, the figure of a young man, who put his hand to his mouth and hailed.

"Throw me a line! Throw me a line!"

Such an extraordinary request at such a time naturally amazed the pirates, and they stood staring, as they crowded along the side of their vessel.

"If you are not going to board her," shouted Dickory again, "throw me a line!"

Filled with curiosity to know what this strange proceeding meant, Black Paul ordered that a line be thrown, and, in a moment, a tall fellow seized a coil of light rope and hurried it

Was he a criminal endeavoring to escape from the officers of the law? It was impossible to answer any of these questions, and so the swarthy rascals pulled so hard and so steadily upon the line that the knot in it, which Dickory had not tied properly, became a slipknot and the poor fellow's breath was nearly squeezed out of him as he was hauled over the rough water. When he reached the vessel's side, there was something said about lowering a ladder, but the men who were hauling on the line were in a hurry to satisfy their curiosity, so up came Dickory straight from the water to the rail, and that proceeding so increased the squeezing that the poor fellow fell upon the deck scarcely able to gasp. When the rope was loosened, the half-drowned and almost breathless Dickory raised himself and gave two or three deep breaths, but he could not speak, despite the fact that a dozen rough voices were asking him who he was and what he wanted.

With the water pouring from him in streams, and his breath coming from him in puffs, he looked about him with great earnestness.

Suddenly a man rushed through the crowd of pirates and stooped to look at the person who had so strangely come aboard. Then he gave a shout. "It is Dickory Charter!" he cried; "Dickory Charter, the son o' old Dame Charter! Ye Dickory! an' how in the name o' all that's blessed did ye come here? Master Bonnet!" he shouted to the captain, who now stood by, "it is young Dickory Charter of Bridgetown. He was on board this vessel before we sailed wi' Mistress Kate an' me. The last time I saw her he was wi' her."

"What?" exclaimed Bonnet, "with my daughter?"

"Ay, ay!" said Greenway, "it must have been a little before she went on shore."

"Young man!" cried Bonnet, stooping toward Dickory, "when did you last see my daughter? Do you know anything of her?"

The young man opened his mouth, but he could not yet do much in the way of speaking, but he managed to say, "I come from her; I am bringing you a message."

"A message from Kate!" shouted Bonnet, now in a state of wild excitement. "Here, you, Greenway, lift up the other arm and we will take him to my cabin. Quick, man! Quick, man! He must have some spirits and dry clothes. Make haste now! A message from my daughter!"

"If that's so," said Greenway, as he and Bonnet hurried the young man aft, "ye'd better no' be in too great haste to get his message out o' him or ye'll kill him wi' pure recklessness."

Bonnet took the advice, and before many minutes Dickory was in dry clothes and feeling the inspiring influence of a glass of good old rum. Now came Black Paul, wanting to know if he should sink the brig and be done with her, for they couldn't lie by in such weather.

"Don't you fire on that ship!" yelled Bonnet; "don't you dare it! For all I know, my daughter may be on board of her."

At this Dickory shook his head. "No," said he, "she is not on board."

"Then let her go!" cried Bonnet, "I have no time to fool with the beggarly hulk. Let her go! I have other

business here. And now, sir," addressing Dickory, "what of my daughter? You have got your breath now, tell me quickly! What is your message from her? When did you sail from Bridgetown? Did she expect me to overhaul that brig? How in the name of all the devils could she expect that?"

"Come, come now, Master Bonnet!" exclaimed the Scotchman, "ye are talkin' o' your daughter, the good an' beautiful Mistress Kate, an' no matter whether ye are a pirate or no, ye must keep a guard on your tongue. An' if ye think she knew where to find ye, ye must consider her an angel an' no' to be spoken o' in the same breath as de'il."

"I didn't sail from Bridgetown," said Dickory, "and your daughter is not there. I come from Jamaica, where she now is, and was bound to Bridgetown to seek news of you, hoping that you had returned there."

"Which, if he had," said Ben, who found it very difficult to keep quiet, "ye would have been under the necessity o' givin' your message to his bones hangin' in chains."

Bonnet looked savagely at Ben, but he had no time even to curse.

"Jamaica!" he cried, "how did she get there? Tell me quickly, sir, tell me quickly! Do you hear?"

Dickory was now quite recovered, and he told his story, not too quickly, and with much attention to details. Even



"HASTE YE! HASTE YE!" CRIED DICKORY; "YOUR MEN ARE ALL HURRYING TO THE BOATS!"

through the air in the direction of the brig; but the rope fell short, and the other end of it disappeared beneath the water. Now the spirit of Black Paul was up. If the fellow on the brig wanted a line he wanted to come aboard, and if he wanted to come aboard he should do so. So he seized a heavier coil, and, swinging it around his head, sent it, with tremendous force, toward Dickory, who made a wild grab at it, and caught it.

Although a comparatively light line, it was a long one, and the slack of it was now in the water so that Dickory had to pull hard upon it before he could grasp enough of it to pass around his body. He had scarcely done this, and had made a knot in it, before a lurch of the brig brought a strain on the rope and he was incontinently jerked overboard.

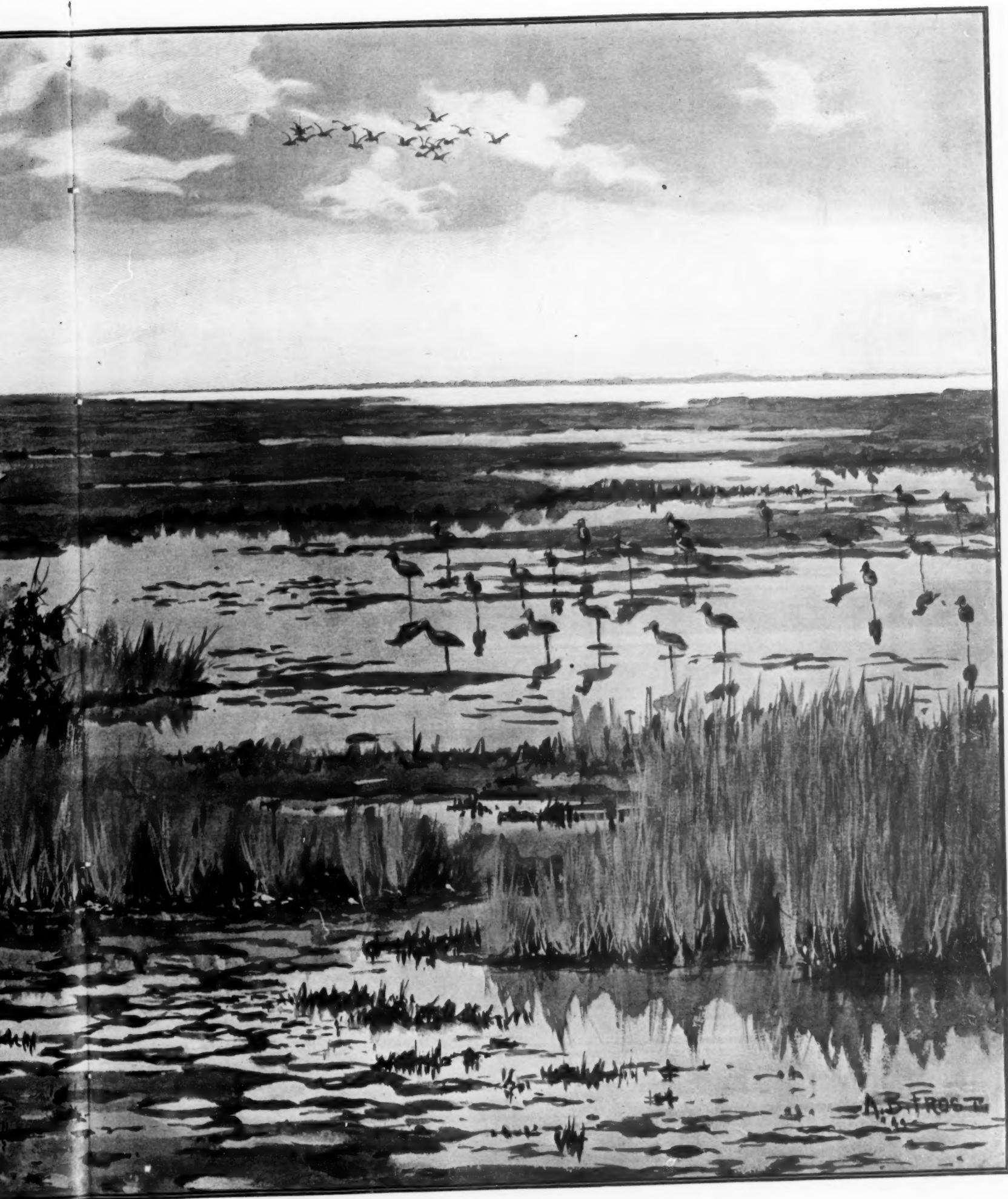
The crew of the merchantman, who had not had time to comprehend what the young fellow was about to do, would have grasped him had he remained on the rail a moment longer, but now he was gone into the sea, and, working vigorously with his legs and arms, was endeavoring to keep his head above water while the pirates at the other end of the rope pulled him swiftly toward their vessel.

Great was the excitement on board the *Revenge*. Why should a man from a merchantman endeavor, alone, to board a vessel which flew the "Jolly Roger"? Did he wish to join the crew? Had they been ill treating him on board the brig?



BAY SNIPE

DRAWN BY



WIPE SHOOTING

AWN BY A. B. FROST

KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

the account of the unusual manner in which he and Kate had disembarked from the pirate vessel was given without enthusiasm, nor with any attention to the approving grunts of Ben Greenway. When he came to speak of the letter which Mr. Newcombe had written her and which had thrown her into such despair on account of its shortcomings, Captain Bonnet burst into a fury of execration.

"And she never got my letter?" he cried, "and knew not what had happened to me. It is that wife of mine, that cruel widow! I sent the letter to my house, thinking, of course, it would find my daughter there. For where else should she be?"

"An' a maist extraordinary wise mon ye were to do that," said Ben Greenway, "for ye might have known, if he had ever thought o' it at all, that the place where yer wife was, was the place where yer daughter couldna be, an' ye no' wi' her. If ye had spoke to me about it, it would have gone to Mr. Newcombe an' then ye'd have known that she'd be sure to get it."

At this, a slight cloud passed over Dickory's face, and, in spite of the misfortunes which had followed upon the non-delivery of her father's letter, he could not help congratulating himself that it had not been sent to the care of that man, Newcombe. He had not had time to formulate the reasons why this proceeding would have been so distasteful to him, but he wanted Martin Newcombe to have nothing to do with the good or bad fortune of Mistress Kate, whose champion he had become and whose father he had found and to whom he was now talking, face to face.

The three talked for a long time, during which Black Paul had put the vessel about upon her former course, and was sailing swiftly to the north. As Dickory went on, Bonnet ceased to curse, but, over and over, blessed his brother-in-law, as a good man and one of the few worthy to take into his charge the good and beautiful. Stede Bonnet had always been very fond of his daughter, and, now, as it became known to him into what desperate and direful condition his reckless conduct had thrown her, he loved her more and more and grieved greatly for the troubles he had brought upon her.

"But it'll be all right now," he cried, "she's with her good uncle, who will show her the most gracious kindness, both for her mother's sake and for her own; and I will see to it that she be not too heavy a charge upon him."

"As for ye, Dickory," exclaimed Greenway, "ye're a brave boy an' will yet come to be an' honor to yer nither's declining years an' to the memory o' yer father. But how did ye ever come to think o' boardin' this nest o' sea-devils, an' at such risk to your life?"

"I did it," said Dickory, simply, "because Mistress Kate's father was here and I was bound to come to him wherever I should find him, for that was my main errand. They told me on the brig that it was Major Bonnet's ship that was overhauling us and I vowed that, as soon as she boarded us, I would seek him out and give him her message; and, when I heard that the sea was getting too heavy for you to board us, I determined to come on board if I could get hold of a line."

"Young man!" cried Bonnet, rising to his full height and swelling his chest, "I bestow upon you a father's blessing. More than that"—and as he spoke, he pulled open a drawer of a small locker—"here's a bag of gold pieces and, when you take my answer, you shall have another like it."

But Dickory did not reach out his hand for the money, nor did he say a word.

"Don't be afraid," cried Bonnet, "if you have any religious scruples, I will tell you that this gold I did not get by piracy. It is part of my private fortune and came as honestly to me as I now give it to you."

But Dickory did not reach out his hand.

Now up spoke Ben Greenway: "Look ye, boy," said he, "as long as there's a chance left o' gettin' honest gold on board this vessel, I pray ye, seize it, an' if ye're afraid o' this gold, thinkin' it may be smeared wi' the blood o' fathers an' the tears o' mothers, I'll tell ye ane thing, an' that is, that Master Bonnet hasna got to be so much o' a pirate that he willna tell the truth. So I'll take the money for ye, Dickory, an' I'll keep it till ye're ready to take it to yer nither; an' I hope that will be soon."

CHAPTER XIII

CAPTAIN BONNET GOES TO CHURCH



THE PIRATE VESSEL, *REVENGE*, was now bound to the coast of the Carolinas and Virginia, and perhaps, even further north, if her wicked fortune should favor her. The growing commerce of the colonies offered great prizes in those days to the piratical cruisers which swarmed up and down the Atlantic coast. To lie over for a time off the coast of Charles Town was Captain Bonnet's immediate object, and to get there as soon as possible was almost a necessity.

The crew of desperate scoundrels whom he had gathered together had discovered that their captain knew nothing of navigation or the management of a ship, and there were many of them who believed that if Black Paul had chosen to turn the vessel's bows to the coast of South America, Bonnet would not have known that they were not sailing northward. Thus they had lost all respect for him, and their conduct was kept within bounds only by the cruel punishments which he inflicted for disobedience or general bad conduct; and which were rendered possible by the dissensions and bad feelings among the men themselves, one clique or faction being always ready to help punish another. Consequently the land-man pirate would speedily have been tossed overboard and the command given to another, had it not been that the men were not at all united in their opinions as to who that other should be. There was also another reason for Bonnet's continuance in authority: he was a good divider, and, so far, had been a good provider. If he should continue to take prizes and to give each man under him his

fair share of the plunder, the men were likely to stand by him until some good reason came for their changing their minds. So with floggings and irons, on deck and below, and with fair winds filling the sails above, the *Revenge* kept on her way; and in spite of the curses and quarrels and threats which polluted the air through which the stout ship sailed, there was always good-natured companionship wherever the captain, Dickory and Ben Greenway found themselves together. There seemed to be no end to the questions which Bonnet asked about his daughter, and when he had asked them all he began over again; and Dickory made answer as he had done before.

The young fellow was growing very anxious at this northern voyage, and when he asked questions they always related to the probability of his getting back to Jamaica with news from the father of Mistress Kate Bonnet. The captain encouraged the hopes of an early return and vowed to Dickory that he would send him to Spanish Town with a letter to his daughter just as soon as an opportunity should show itself.

When the *Revenge* reached the mouth of Charles Town harbor she stationed herself there, and in four days captured three well-laden merchantmen—two bound outward, and one, going in, from England.

Thus all went well, and with willing hands to man her yards and a proudly strutting captain on her quarter-deck, the pirate ship renewed her northward course, and spread terror and made prizes even as far as the New England coast; and if Dickory had had any doubts that the late reputable planter of Bridgetown had now become a veritable pirate he had many opportunities of settling himself right. Bonnet seemed to be growing proud of his newly acquired taste for rapacity and cruelty. Merchantmen were recklessly robbed and burned, their crews and passengers, even babes and women, being set on shore in some desolate spot, to perish or survive, the pirate cared not which; and if resistance were offered, bloody massacres or heartless drownings were almost sure to follow, and, as his men coveted spoils and delighted in cruelty, he satisfied them to their heart's content.

"I tell you, Dickory Charter," said he one day, "when you see my daughter I want you to make her understand that I am a real pirate and not playing at the business. She's a brave girl, my daughter Kate, and what I do she would have me do it well and not half-heartedly, to make her ashamed of me. And, then, there is my brother-in-law, Delaplane. I don't believe that he had a very high opinion of me when I was a plain farmer and planter and I want him to think better of me now. A bold, fearless pirate cannot be looked upon with disrespect."

Dickory groaned in his heart that this man was the father of Kate.

Turning southward, rounding the Cape of Delaware, the *Revenge* ran up the bay seeking some spot where she might take in water, casting anchor before a little town on the coast of New Jersey. Here, while some of the men were taking in water, others of the crew were allowed to go on shore, their captain swearing to them that if they were guilty of any disorder they should suffer for it. "On my vessel," he swore, "I am a pirate, but when I go on shore I am a gentleman and every one in my service shall behave himself as a gentleman. I beg of you to remember that!"

According to this principle, Captain Bonnet arrayed himself in a fine suit of clothes, and without arms, excepting a gentleman sword, and carrying a cane, he landed with Ben Greenway and Dickory and proceeded to indulge himself in a promenade up the main street of the town.

The citizens of the place, terrified and amazed at this bold conduct of a vessel fearlessly flying a black flag with the skull and bones, could do nothing but await their fate. The women and children, and many of the men, hid themselves in garrets and cellars, and those of the people who were obliged to remain visible trembled and prayed; but Captain Stede Bonnet walked boldly up the right hand side of the main street waving his cane in the air as he spoke to the people, assuring them that he and his men came on an errand of business, seeking nothing but some fresh water and an opportunity to stretch their legs on solid ground.

"If you have meat and drink," he cried, "bestow it freely upon my men, tired of the unsavory food on shipboard, and if they transgress the laws of hospitality then I, their captain, shall be your avenger; we want none of your goods or money, having enough in our well-laden vessel to satisfy all your necessities, if ye have them, and to feel it not."

The men strolled along the street, swarmed into the two little taverns, soon making away with their small stores of ale and spirits, and accepting everything eatable offered them by the shivering citizens; but as to violence there was none, for every man of the rascally crew bore enmity against most of the others, and held himself ready for a chance to report a shipmate or to break his head.

Black Paul was a powerful aid in the preservation of order among the disorderly. Conflicts between factions of the crew were greatly feared by him, for the schemes which happy chance had caused to now revolve themselves in his master mind would have been sadly interfered with by want of concord among the men of the *Revenge*.

Captain Bonnet, followed at a short distance by Dickory and Ben, was interested in everything he saw. A man of intelligence and considerable reading, it pleased him to note the peculiarities of the people of a country which he had never visited. The houses, the shops, and even the attire of the citizens, were novel and well worthy of his observation. He looked over garden walls, he gazed out upon the fields which were visible from the upper end of the street, and when he saw a man who was able to command his speech he asked him questions. There was a little church standing back from the thoroughfare, its door wide open, and this was an instant attraction to the pirate captain, who opened the gate of the yard and walked up to it.

"That I should ever again see Master Stede Bonnet goin' into a church was something I didna dream o'," Dickory said Ben Greenway; "it will be a meercle an' I doubt if he dares to pass the door wi' his sins an' his plunders on his head."

But Captain Bonnet did pass the door, reverentially removing his hat, if not his crimes, as he entered. In but few ways

it resembled the houses of worship to which he had been accustomed in his earlier days, and he gazed eagerly from side to side as he slowly walked up the central aisle. Dickory was about to follow him, but he was suddenly jerked back by the Scotchman, who forcibly drew him away from the door.

"Look ye," whispered Ben, speaking quickly, under great excitement, "look ye, Dickory, Heaven has sent us our chance! He's in there safe an' sound an' the good angels will keep his mind occupied. I'll quietly close the door an' turn the key; then I'll slip around to the back, an' if there be another door there, I'll stop it some way, if it be not already locked. Now, Dickory, boy, make yer heels fly! I noticed, before we got here, that some o' the men were makin' their way to the boats. Dash ye among them, Dickory, an' tell them that the day they've been longin' for ever since they set foot on the vessel has now come. Their captain is a prisoner an' they are free to hurry on board their vessel an' carry awa' wi' them all their vile plunder."

"What?" exclaimed Dickory, speaking so earnestly that the Scotchman pulled him further away from the church, "do you mean that you would leave Major Bonnet here by himself, in a foreign town?"

"No! a bit o' it," said Ben; "I'll stay wi' him an' so will you. Now run, Dickory!"

"Ben!" exclaimed the other, "you don't know what you are talking about. Mr. Bonnet would be seized and tried as a pirate. His blood would be on your head, Ben!"

"I canna talk about that now," said Ben, impatiently; "ye think too much of the man's body, Dickory, an' I am considerin' his soul."

"And I am considering his daughter," said Dickory fearlessly. "Do you suppose I am going to help to have her father hanged?" and with these words he made a movement toward the door.

The eager Scotchman seized him. "Dickory, bethink yer-self," said he; "I don't want to hang him, I want to save him, body an' soul. We will get him awa' from here after the ship has gone; he will be helpless then; he canna be a pirate a minute longer, an' he will give up an' do what I tell him. We can leave before there is any talk o' trial or hangin'. Run, Dickory, run! Ye're sinfully losin' time. Think o' his soul, Dickory; it's his only chance!"

With a great jerk, Dickory freed himself from the grasp of the Scotchman.

"It is Kate Bonnet I am thinking of," he exclaimed; and, with that, he bolted into the church.

The captain was examining the little pulpit. "Haste ye! haste ye!" cried Dickory; "your men are all hurrying to the boats! They will leave you behind if they can—that's what they are after!"

Bonnet turned quickly. He took in the situation in a second. With a few bounds, he was out of the church, nearly overturning Ben Greenway as he passed him. Without a word, he ran down the street, his cane thrown away and his drawn sword in his hand.

Dickory's warning had not come a minute too soon; one boat full of men was pulling toward the ship, and others were hurrying in the direction of an empty boat which awaited them at the pier. Bonnet, with Dickory close at his heels, ran with a most amazing rapidity, while Greenway followed at a little distance, scarcely able to maintain the speed.

"What means this?" cried Bonnet, now no longer a gentleman but a savage pirate, and as he spoke he thrust aside two of the men who were about to get into the boat and jumped in himself. "What means this?" he thundered.

Black Paul answered quietly: "I was getting the men on board," he said, "so as to save time, and I was coming back for you."

Bonnet glared at his sailing-master, but he did not swear at him—he was too useful a man; but in his heart he vowed that he would never trust Paul Bittern again, and that as soon as he could he would get rid of him.

But when he reached the ship three men out of each boat's crew, selected at random to represent the rest, were tied up and flogged, the blows being well laid on by scoundrels very eager to be brutal, even to their own shipmates.

"Ah, Dickory, Dickory!" cried Ben Greenway, as they were sailing down the bay, "ye have loaded your soul wi' sin this day; I fear ye'll never rise from under it. Whatever vile deeds that Major Bonnet may henceforth be guilty o' ye'll be responsible for them all, Dickory, or every one o' them."

"He's bad enough, Ben," said the other, "and it's many a wicked deed he may do yet, but I am going to carry news of him to his daughter if I can; and, what's more, I am not going to stay behind and be hanged even if it is in such good company as Major Bonnet and you, Ben Greenway."

Whatever should happen on the rest of that voyage; whether the well-intentioned treachery of Ben Greenway, or the secret villainies of the crew, should prevail; whether disaster or success should come to the planter-pirate, Dickory Charter resolved in his soul that a message from her father should go to Kate Bonnet, and that he should carry it.

The spirits of Dickory rose very much as the bow of the *Revenge* was pointed southward. Every mile that the pirate vessel sailed brought him nearer to the delivery of his message—a message which, while it told of her father's wicked career, still told her of his safety and of his steadfast affection for her. Indirectly, the bringing of such a message and the story of how the bearer brought it might have another effect which, although he had no right to expect, was never absent from Dickory's soul. This ardent young lover did not believe in Master Martin Newcombe. He had no good reason for not believing in him, but his want of faith did not depend upon reason. If lovers reasoned too much it would be a sad world for many of them.

When the *Revenge* stopped in her progress toward the heavenly island of Jamaica—or, at least, that island which was the abode of an angel—and anchored off the bay of Charles Town, South Carolina, Dickory fumed and talked impatiently to his friend Ben Greenway. Why a man, even though he were a pirate, and therefore of an avaricious nature, should want more booty when his vessel was already crowded with valuable goods, he could not imagine.

The New Natural History—No. 5



Lion

THE LION

By OLIVER HERFORD

THE LION is, if anything,
Even "more ROYAL than the
KING."

HIS FOLKS were something in that
LINE

Ere man invented RIGHT DIVINE.
You wonder then how HE can
stoop

To things like JUMPING through a
HOOP.

Observe, my CHILD, HE'S not
alone:

There is a POWER BEHIND the
THRONE

Who CURBS HIS WILL, and MOLDS
HIS VIEWS,

And makes HIM mind HIS P'S and
Q'S,

Then if HE'S GOOD, she lets HIM
TAKE

From HER sweet LIPS a PIECE of
CAKE.

Ah, CHILD, it's very plain to see
Kings are not what they used to be!

But Ben Greenway could very easily imagine. "When the spirit o' sin is upon ye," said the Scotchman, "the more an' more wicked ye're likely to be; an' ye must no' forget, Dickory, that every new crime he commits, an' all the property he steals, an' all the unfortunate people he maroons, will have to be answered for by ye, Dickory, when the time comes for ye to stand up an' say what ye have got to say about yer ain sins. If ye had stood by me an' helped to cut him short in his nefarious career, he might now be beginning a new life in some small coastin' vessel bound for Barbadoes."

Dickory gave an impatient kick at the mast near which he was standing. "It would have been more likely," said he, "that before this he would have begun a new life on the gallows with you and me alongside of him; and how do you suppose you would have got rid of the sin on your soul when you thought of his orphan daughter in Jamaica?"

"Yer thoughts are too much on that daughter," snapped Greenway, "an' no' enough on her father's soul."

"I am tired of her father's soul," said Dickory. "And I wonder what new piece of mischief they are going to do here—there are no ships to be robbed?"

Dickory did not know very much, or care very much, about the sea and its commerce,

and some ships to be robbed soon made their appearance. One was a large merchantman with a full cargo and the other was a bark, northward bound, in ballast. The acquisition of the latter vessel put a new idea into Captain Bonnet's head. The *Revenge* was already overloaded, and he determined to take the bark as a tender to relieve him of a portion of his cargo and to make herself useful in the business of marooning and such troublesome duties.

Being now commander of two vessels, which might in time increase to a little fleet, Captain Bonnet's ideas of his own importance as a terror of the sea increased. On the *Revenge*

Pears'

Which would you rather have, if you could have your choice, transparent skin or perfect features?

All the world would choose one way; and you can have it measurably.

If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

Sold all over the world.

Burnett's Vanilla

leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is pure and wholesome. Don't be cheated with cheap goods.—*Adv.*

What's a table though nicely spread without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head.—*Adv.*

The healthy man fights life's battle best. Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters will give you enduring health. Get them at druggists.—*Adv.*

Time, said Franklin, is the stuff of Life. Telephone service saves time. Forb. sap. Rates in Manhattan from \$40 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey, 111 W. 38th.—*Adv.*

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are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary." 71 Hudson St., N. Y.—*Adv.*

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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle. —*Adv.*

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We are the only manufacturers in the world making Spinal Appliances an exclusive business, and they are adapted to all conditions of spinal irritation or trouble; viz., Pott's Disease, Anterior or Lateral Curvature, Scurvy, Shoulder, Weak Back from any cause, Soreness or Pain in Small of Back, as often diagnosed as Kidney Trouble, when it is not. They are constructed strictly on scientific anatomical principles; every brace has perforated fiber abdominal pad, which, together with spring steel stays covered with soft leather, resting against the small of the back and kidneys, is a sure cure for ailments common to women, old and young, in every walk of life. In many cases they correct deformities of long standing. They produce no discomfort whatever to the wearer. They are truly a godsend to suffering humanity. The average weight of Appliance for curvature for adult, male or female, seventeen ounces; for children in proportion. The average weight of Appliance for weak or lame back, four to ten ounces, and of Supporters only five ounces.

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We make Abdominal Supporters that will greatly help persons troubled with weak back. Especially good for clerks, teachers and mothers. We have many styles of Appliances, and prices range from \$4 to \$25 apiece. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Illustrations show our Curvature Appliance spread out; also front view as worn. Write today and ask for illustrated catalogue containing endorsements from experts, physical instructors and patients who have the Appliance in actual use.

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cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but soft and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for men, women, and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.

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When the sweet tooth calls for candy
The wisdom tooth says
WHITMAN'S
Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.
Made in a house with boiling water.

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DEAF NESS and Head Noises permanently cured. Illustrated book and month's treatment free. **DR. POWELL, 217** Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.



MISS MERRIAM OF WASHINGTON IN HER AUTOMOBILE

Woman and the Automobile

By DOROTHY RICHARDSON

ENTER "LA CHAUFFEUSE"! Up and down bustling Broadway, through West Seventy-second Street, into the far reaches of Riverside Drive, spins the automobile—complex, tender, and as coquettish as the fair one who directs it. Each day finds us less astonished at the sight of the eternal feminine at the helm of the whirling, whirling auto.

Time was when man, bespectacled, helmeted, incased in leathery regalia, was the *Deus ex machina*, and citizen and hayseed alike turned in wonderment to see the human that "made the motor move," as Bret Harte would put it. But woman soon took her place beside her lord and master in automobiling, as she had in golf, cross-country riding, sailing, and every other sport that set the blood a-tingling.

To-day, Diana of the Crossways sits on the chauffeur's coign of vantage and whirls along the highways and byways far from the maddening crowd. Like yachting, automobilizing calls for quick wit. Who ever denied that quality in Eve's daughters? Your "knock-about" careens, gybes in a jiffy, and pirouettes like a ballroom belle; but, at Larchmont and off Newport, women have sailed match races with great skill.

WELL-KNOWN CHAUFFEUSES

The maze of springs, coils, pistons, levers,

cogs, and differentials called an "auto" is, if anything, more skittish than any cranky craft that skims the ocean blue. Ergo, it takes a woman to really show a *blase* generation how to manage one. The first to engage in this hazardous exploit was hailed as daring and light-headed; but now the chauffeur's name is legion.

To run over just a few of the more familiar names that come to mind. There are Mrs. Burke Roche and Miss Cynthia Burke Roche, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mrs. J. Lawrence Van Alen and Miss Hatell.

They are all accomplished chauffeuses, and, not to be invidious, probably a moment's reflection would yield the names of a dozen or two more mistresses of the art in America.

Till one has had the levers, gong, and brake suddenly thrust upon one, it is incomprehensible how full of subtleties (I had almost said deviltries) an auto is. Poe's Imp of the Perverse really must have been an inchoate auto. It doesn't seem possible an inanimate thing could have so much "suddenness." Artemus Ward's "possum was 'an amusin' little cuss." The average auto seems to a woman, the first time she essays to guide it, as twice as "cussed" and not a whit "amusing." The alert tell you the auto appeals strongly to the psychic mind.



AN OUTING AUTOMOBILE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

KATE BONNET

he was more despotic and severe than ever before, while the villain who had been chosen to command the tender, because he had a fair knowledge of navigation, was informed that if he kept the bark more than a mile from the flagship he would be sunk with the vessel and all on board. The loss of the bark and some men would be nothing compared to the maintenance of discipline, quoth the planter pirate. Bonnet's ambition rose still higher and higher. He was not content with being a relentless pirate, bloody if need be, but he longed for recognition, for a position among his fellow-terrors of the sea which should be worthy of a truly wicked reputation. A pirate bold, he would consort with pirates bold. So he set sail for the Bay of Honduras, then a great rendezvous for piratical craft of many nations. If the father of Kate Bonnet had captured and burned a dozen ships, and had forced every sailor and passenger thereupon to walk a plank he would not have sinned more deeply in the eyes of Dickory Charter than he did by thus ruthlessly, inhumanly, hard-heartedly and altogether shame-

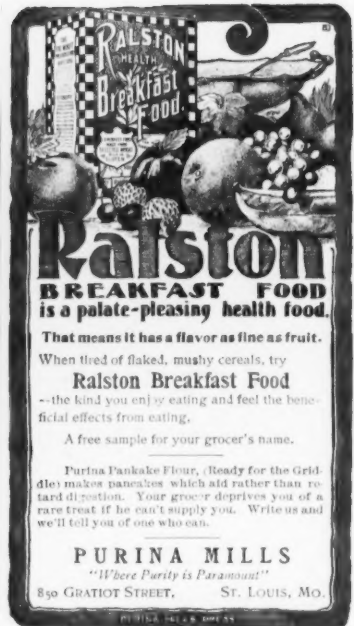
fully ignoring and pitilessly passing by that island on which dwelt an angel, his own daughter.

But Bonnet declared to the young man that it would now be dangerous for him and his ship to approach the harbor of Kingston, generally the resort of British men-of-war; but in the waters of Honduras he could not fail to find some quiet merchant ship by which he could send a message to his daughter. Ay! and in which—and the pirate's eye glistened with parental joy as this thought came into his mind—he might, disguised as a plain gentleman, make a visit to Mistress Kate and to his good brother-in-law, Delaplaine.

So Dickory was now to be satisfied, and even to admit that there might be some good common-sense in these remarks of that most uncommon pirate, Major Bonnet.

So the *Revenge*, with her tender, sailed southward through the fair West Indian waters and by the fair West Indian isles to join herself to the piratical fleet generally to be found in the waters of Honduras.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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BREAKFAST FOOD
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That means it has a flavor as fine as fruit.

When tired of flaked, mushy cereals, try
Ralston Breakfast Food
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UNEQUALLED FOR
QUALITY AND FLAVOR
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BREAKFAST
COCOA**



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HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
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gives a maximum of comfort
at a minimum of expense.

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Suits, at from
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Ladies' and Misses' Vests
and Pants at correspond-
ingly low prices.

A Doll's Undershirt
will be sent FREE
to every mother who
names four other mothers
and the number of
children each buys under-
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as to styles, sizes, fabrics
and prices, address,
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The Social Beverage
for particular people who
prefer the best, is

**Great
Western
Champagne**
(Made in America)

Its high standing with the public
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on its merits as a pure and pleasing
wine. Crowned at the Paris Ex-
position with the highest honors
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Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers everywhere.



CANTON
Incandescent Gasoline Lamps
give most light for least
money. They vaporize gaso-
line and burn the vapor mixed
with air, using an incandescent
mantle, and produce 100 to
400 candle power for each
burner. The light is steady
and strong, and perfectly safe.

Average use costs 3c. per
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Everything in gasoline lamps
for in-door and out-door use.
We have "One match" and
also alcohol lighting burners, in
both overhead and under gen-
erators. Ask for catalogue R

**The Canton Incandescent
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GASOLINE
-LAMPS-
LIGHTED
WITH ONE
MATCH**



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Scientific Mechanical Toy, 10c.

This is a complete, perfect little metal tele-
phone, with strong, sensitive transmitters. Even a whisper
is distinct at quite a long distance. Connect up your house
and barn, or with a neighbor's house, and charge penny
talks. Easy pocket money. Agents Wanted. Enormous
Sales. Price 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents, postpaid.

NOVELTY SUPPLY COMPANY, 78 Dearborn Street, Chicago.



and that is why the Parisienne and the Ameri-
caine excel at this exciting diversion.
Be it so. The accomplished chauffeur will
not deny the soft impeachment; the untutored
dare not.

FAVORITE MACHINES

The electric motor is affected by some; but
by far the largest number of automobiles seen
on Riverside Drive and other frequented ave-
nues are of the gasoline motor type. At New-
port last summer the gasoline held sway undis-
puted, so far as the women were concerned.
The men have gone on from step to step, until
twenty or thirty horsepower Panhards are
really getting commonplace for heavy road
and track work. But the chauffeur has
clung to the six, eight and ten horsepower
gasoline motor. These machines are light
and dainty, and quite satisfactory for all
ordinary feminine requirements. The mech-
anism has been so perfected that breakdowns
are infrequent. Fuel may be obtained almost
anywhere, and anybody can replenish a gaso-
line tank, so that neither gloves nor gown
suffers.

One may run about in an auto at almost
any season of the year in this latitude, and
that has added to the popularity of the sport
among women. At Lakewood, Tuxedo,
Hempstead, Newport, Narragansett or Ards-
ley, in spring, summer, autumn or winter,
the chauffeur can take a spin undaunted.
The electric outfits are not complete with-
out electric foot-warmers, and most of the
others have some clever contrivance for keep-
ing one's toes comfortable in frosty weather.
In hot and humid times the momentum of the
machine creates enough breeze to set one's
box a-streaming.

To whiz through the air without personal
effort has been the goal of inventors innum-
erable. The swish of the toboggan gives a flavor
of this consummation devoutly to be wished
for; the swift glide of the yacht simulates it;
but the earth-skimming auto crowns the list
of man's endeavors.

THE JOYS OF AUTOMOBILING

Doubt it? Then contrive to get an invita-
tion from an adept chauffeur and, consigning
yourself to her confident control, taste the
most exquisite of all sports. There's a spice
of danger; a sublime feeling of repose when
the skill of the fair one averts the threatened
catastrophe with a timely twist of her wrist
and a merry laugh at your timidity; then a
blissful resignation to any ill that Fate may
have in store under such masterful aplomb
and feminine *finesse* as your guardian angel
displays.

Hail the new and dainty Divinity that sits
up aloft; the Twentieth Century's Charioteer!
She has one foot on the gong; one hand con-
trols the steering-gear, the other moves the
lever that starts or backs the auto her keen
eyes scan the avenue for impediments; yet
withal she has a witching glance for ac-
quaintances on foot or Madame in her cob-
drawn landau and her airy persiflage never
flags as her sent-mate interjects remarks of
admiration or wonder at the psychic force
that sets the whole ensemble in motion.

FOOD

DOUBTERS.

Can be Changed by Knowledge.

If there is any doubt about making brain
power by the use of certain food, the doubter
should make the following experiment.

Helen Frances Huntington of Gainesville,
Ga., says: "Just a word of commendation
concerning Grape-Nuts which I have found
to be the most wholesome, nourishing and
appetizing food that has ever come to my
knowledge."


I am not a dyspeptic, but being constantly
engaged in severe brain work I found that I
did not thrive on ordinary diet; even a mod-
erate dinner dulled my brain so as to be prac-
tically incapable of critical work. I tried meat-
juice, peptonoids, the two meal system of light
breakfast and no supper which brought on
nervous depletion and sleeplessness, so I re-
sorted to one and another of the various
health foods which all seemed alike tasteless
and valueless as a brain food, until quite by
chance, I had a dish of Grape-Nuts food
served as a dessert. I liked it so well that
I began to use it daily, for supper four tea-
spoonsful in a saucer of hot milk, eaten be-
fore it dissolves to mushiness.

This point should be remembered as, after
a certain time, evaporation seems to affect
the sweet nutty flavor of the food as in the
case of certain fine-flavored fruits.

The result in my case was simply aston-
ishing. I had no desire whatever for sweet
pastries, meats, or in fact anything else; and
my brain was as clear and active at night as
on awaking from a long, refreshing sleep.

The peculiar advantage about Grape-Nuts
food is that it supplies the nutritive qualities
of a varied diet without the bad results of
heavy eating. I cheerfully recommend its
use to all brain workers, if not as an ex-
clusive diet, certainly for the last meal of
the day. I always take it with me when
traveling, which saves a deal of annoyance
and discomfort."

**Ramona and Athena
Sugar Wafers**



Reflect the elegance
of the banquet
in the dainty simplicity
of the tea-table.


Ramona, flavored with chocolate.
Athena, flavored with lemon.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The faultless light
for home use.

Soft, brilliant and
steady. Adds the
finishing touch to
a well-furnished
home. Burns
any kind of gas,
artificial or
natural, and
costs but a trifle
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LAMP**



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pared an illustra-
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describing many
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costing from
5 to 50 dollars.
We will mail
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A Serviceable Gift
Just what every home needs.
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10 hours work in 1 hour.
Heated by gas or gaso-
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Gilbert's Heel Cushions
"Worn inside the shoe."
Increase Height, Arch the
Instep, Make Better Fitting
Shoes, Remove Jar
in Walking. In-
dorsed by physi-
cians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require
larger shoes. 1-2 in., 25c; 3-4 in., 50c; 1 in., 90c. per pair. At
shoe and department stores. **READ**. Send name, size shoe,
height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on ten days' trial.
Gilbert Mfg. Co., No. 25 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

New Idea in Trunks
The **Stallman Dresser
Trunk** is constructed on new
principles. Drawers instead of
trays. A place for everything
and everything in its place. The
bottom as accessible as the top.
Defies the baggage-smasher.
Costs no more than a good box
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FOSTER'S
"SLEEP THAT KNITS UP THE
RAVELLED SLEEVE OF CARE"
can only be thoroughly enjoyed on one of
Foster's Ideal Spring Beds.

FOSTER'S IDEAL is so scientifically con-
structed as to carry the weight of the body by
equal distribution, yielding at every point under
the slightest pressure yet conforming to the nat-
ural outlines of the human frame.

You will never know what real rest is until you
have slept on a **FOSTER'S IDEAL**.

Hearty endorsed and used by all leading hotel
proprietors. Workmanship and wearing quali-
ties considered, there is nothing so cheap on the
market. All progressive dealers sell them, but if
you cannot get them in your locality we will supply
you direct. Write for our booklet "Wide
Awake Facts About Sleep," mailed free.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 9 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

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Tender, Juicy, Appetizing
meats are cooked in an Arnold Steam Cooker.
The cook can perform other household duties
at the same time without watching and
worry, and the meat cannot burn. It
boils, bakes and roasts vegetables, meats,
dumplings, etc., without contact with steam,
and saves the appetizing flavors. There
is no smoke, steam or smell. Don't judge
the Arnold by any other steam cooker—
there is none like it. Circulars tell why.

Good agents wanted; comfortable income
secured agents of character and good ap-
pearance.

Willmet Castle & Co., 25 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

Kitselman Ornamental Fence.
Excels in strength, beauty and durability. Made of steel
and iron. Cheaper than wood. 50 Designs. Catalog free.

KITSELMAN BROS., Box O-105, Muncie, Ind.






ON THE DUNGARVAN



POLING UP A RAPID



"PACKING" THROUGH THE WOODS

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

By FREDERIC IRLAND, Author of "The Beguiling of the Bears," Etc., Etc.

THE LITTLE railroad train, half passenger and half freight, creeps up the valley of the Nashua, crosses the ancient Indian portage, and feels its way down the watershed of the Merrimack. Five miles from the railroad is the last farmhouse, and five miles beyond the farmhouse you may see fresh moose tracks every day in the year, if you will go and look. That is in the fine province of New Brunswick, where of an evening they talk about the prospects for this year's cut of spruce, the fall run of salmon, and the helmsmanship of the Scott Act relating to the sale of spirituous liquors. It is a country in which it is worth one's while to live, and perhaps this is the reason why the days of its dwellers are long in the land. A good many times I have had my camping outfit carried into the woods by a teamster who is over eighty years old. Driving a portage team in those woods, carrying supplies to distant lumber camps, sleeping under the sled in the snow many cold nights each winter—that is what Mr. Hunter does; and he need not do it either, but you could not stop him if you tried.

A STREAM WHICH "DROWNED A NATION OF INJUNS"

North of the Merrimack River is the Dungarvan, where the main population goes in winter to cut spruce logs. Beyond that is the Little Son-west, a riotous stream which "fast and last," as Donald McKay remarked, "has drowned a nation of Injuns." North of the Little Son-west is the border country where the spruce is not worth cutting, where the beavers are undisturbed, where the moose and caribou have things all their own way, and where no one ever goes; that is, no one but Henry Braithwaite. People say he has been "clear up to the St. Lawrence," as they call it. And, inasmuch as Henry and I have been a good way north of that majestic stream, I know what they say is true.

It will take a book, some day, to tell about these people of the woodland's edge, the farmers who are born canoe-men, who are half lumbermen, half fishermen, and whole men of the type that the forest breeds. But they all award the front place to my friend Henry. He it is who knows the ins and outs of the New Brunswick forest as no other surveyor, prospector or guide knows it. There are men living who remember when Braithwaite was the foreman of a great lumber company. That was when he was young. He found that in some way the company store always had him in debt at the end of the year. So one day he paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for an English express rifle, bought a lot of traps, and took to the woods on his own account, where his axe, his surveyor's chain, his woodcraft and his wit have made him the king of all the Miramichians.

MOOSE AND REINDEER

Perhaps ninety-nine people in a hundred, throughout the United States, really believe the moose has gone the way of the Irish elk; and I suppose there are many Americans who could not identify a caribou if they saw one. In central New Brunswick there are thousands of them; and these beautiful reindeer, now that the Indians are nearly extinct, are increasing like the moose. One day this past summer, Braithwaite and I were trudging along a woodland road, not ten miles from the Pleasant Ridge settlement. Worn by the weight of our packs, we unslung our carrying straps and sat down to rest. The road at this place circled around several large ponds, of which Carson Lake was the nearest. We chatted for a minute in the subdued tone which soon becomes second nature to all men in the woods except lumbermen. Suddenly we heard a splashing, made by some animal in the water. Braithwaite beckoned me to follow him, and we crept through the hard banks to the edge of the lake. Peering through the balsam boughs, we saw a long-legged, mule-eared young moose, with its giraffe neck turned back over its shoulder, looking in our direction, not more than fifty yards away. It had heard us coming, but did not know what we were. So it stopped pulling lily-roots, and was waiting for us to appear. Henry made a curious whining sound, like this: "E-ough! e-ough!" The yearling began wading confidently toward us. At once from the other side of the little lake came a wall almost like Henry's, but louder, and full of indignant protest. "It's the old cow," whispered Henry, laughing softly. At the sound of the mother's call the young moose stopped, looked foolish, and was evidently undecided. Henry coined another counterfeit that was, if anything, better than the genuine. At this the perplexed calf seemed reassured, and took another step in our direction. The poor cow moose, worried beyond endurance, rushed down from the opposite shore, followed by her other half-grown calf. The mane on her neck stood up. She filled the air with piteous entreaty. Henry again imitated her perfectly, and she showed rising temper in each groaning entreaty. The timid youngster, half convinced, but more than half curious, began to retreat toward his mother, looking re-

luctantly back at the mysterious creature in the bushes. The cow came out to meet him, got between him and us, and, with her neck over his back, pushed him along in her haste to get him beyond the reach of the unseen voice. The other young moose waited patiently by the shore, and finally all three climbed up the bank and disappeared.

SUMMER IN THE NORTH WOODS

The summer comes quickly in the north woods. In April the forest is four feet deep in snow. The bushes are flattened down, and nothing shows except the large trees, and the millions of cone-shaped tops that God gave to all the evergreens, to shed the snow. Up to the end of April, you can snowshoe anywhere and draw a toboggan behind you. The lakes and streams are locked. Three weeks later, your



A BEAR IN A LUMBER CAMP

eyes behold the verdure of early summer. The swallows are decimating the midges. The wax-wings have come back to the same bush where last year they safely raised their brood. The bears are raiding the deserted lumber camps, and the trout are in the pools. Great winged ants fly down in front of your fire, and turning on themselves, face off their own wings, content thenceforth to walk instead of fly. The mosquitoes and the flies appear. Following the insects come an army of spiders from every crevice. The male beavers leave their winter houses to their wives and children, and go down the river on prospecting excursions.

For a few weeks the streams resound with the shouts of the log-driving crews. It is a question whether a loon or a river-driver can yell the louder. Every visitor to the northern wilderness is familiar with the summer laughter of the loon. But you should hear him in the early spring, when he is singing to charm his mate. He then has an entirely distinctive cry, like this: "O-o-o-we-hee, we-hee-we!" And



BRAITHWAITE'S HUNTING CAMP

he does not keep still at night, either. Often he has waked me at midnight by yelling like a steam whistle because he has caught sight of my unaccustomed camp-fire on his lonely shore.

In a country where the moose trample down the oat-fields—and a farmer came to the Crown Land Office at Fredericton to complain of that very thing in June, 1901—it is sometimes a little difficult to make the game laws luminous to the rural mind. Last spring I heard a long argument in a lumber-camp, in which the weight of opinion was that the moment a moose came up on a man's land it became his moose, to do with as he pleased; that if any one killed it there, the only person who could complain was the owner of the land; in other words, that a wild animal was an appurtenance to real estate.

HUNTING THE CARIBOU

At one time the Crown Land Office of New Brunswick wished to get some live caribou for exhibition purposes, and Henry Braithwaite, Will White, and Harry Turnbull were employed to catch the animals. They went up into the Napadagan country where there were plenty of them, and, the snow being deep, they soon caught a small cow caribou, put a halter around its neck and led it to their camp. The next day they started out to see if they could catch a bull. Henry can travel very fast on snowshoes, and once held the championship of New Brunswick, which he won in a snowshoe race against an Indian who was nearly twice as big as himself. The three men got on the track of a caribou, and in the excitement of the chase Henry was soon far ahead of his companions. Coming up with the caribou, which was a big bull, it turned and faced him, not trying at all to get away. By the time White and Turnbull came up, Braithwaite had a rope around the caribou's neck. The animal was large and heavy, and proved very refractory, jumping from side to side, drawing himself backward, and making the proceedings interesting but not profitable. While Braithwaite pulled, the two other men cut crocheted sticks, which would not injure the caribou, and pushed him along from behind. It was hard travelling in the big woods, and so the caribou catchers thought it would be a good idea to lead their captive on the smooth surface of the frozen Napadagan, which lay in the direction of their camp. Three inches of hard snow on the top of the ice made an excellent footing. When the caribou felt his hoofs on this sure foundation he lowered his head, made a rush at Braithwaite, and sent him sprawling on the ice, where he slipped for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. If the caribou had not recently shed his antlers the result might have been more serious. Braithwaite had the halter rope wound about his wrist, and, although badly shaken up, did not let go. His friends came to his rescue with their crocheted sticks, and as the dead-water route did not seem likely to prove successful, captors and prisoner turned back again into the deep snow of the forest. Here they made very slow progress, and night approached when they were still a considerable distance from camp. Coming to a little pond surrounded by alders, the men cut an open space with their axes and left the caribou tied to a strong alder stem.

KILLING A DEAD CARIBOU

In the morning Braithwaite found himself rather stiff and sore from the bruises the caribou had given him, but all three started back to bring the animal out to the lumber road. When they got to the caribou, fresh disappointment awaited them. The pond had frozen when the water was high, and, as often happens in such places, the water had gone down, leaving a shell of ice three or four feet above the water. The sharp hoofs of the caribou had broken through this shell of ice, and he had fallen down. In his struggles the rope had got a half hitch around his foreleg, and so the poor animal had hanged himself until he was dead. He was frozen stiff, so that when they lifted him out on to the ice they found he would stand alone.

An old trapper named Sanford Bartlett had a camp only about a mile from the scene of this accident, and as they had no use for the frozen caribou, they concluded they would give it to Bartlett. So they went up to tell him where it was. When they reached his camp he was just starting out. They asked him how his luck was, and he told them he had been hunting caribou all the day before, but had not got any. Remembering how lifelike the frozen caribou looked, standing on the ice among the alders, Braithwaite and Turnbull mischievously told Bartlett they had seen some fresh tracks that very morning, down by the pond. Bartlett thanked them for the information and started off to find the caribou.

The conspirators went their way, and had not gone half a mile before they heard a tremendous fusillade. They did not see Bartlett for a long time after that, but when they met him he told them that, going down to the pond, he saw the dead caribou standing among the bushes and began firing at it. It did not fall, and he shot at it until he had used up every one of his cartridges. Then he went down to look at the mysterious animal which would neither run nor fall, and found the frozen caribou, with fifteen or twenty bullet-holes through it. And he had shot away all his cartridges.

If you have never seen the forests of New Brunswick in the fall, then you do not know what autumn splendors are. There is a brilliancy to the foliage that I have never beheld elsewhere. Little as most Americans know it, this secluded old Province is a land of surpassing beauty, nine-tenths virgin woods, a lovely tangle of lakes, river headwaters, mountains and thickets. And to sportsmen it is the most accessible big-game country on this continent. Even the little boys in New Brunswick know what moose look like, for they see them when out looking for the cows.

MOOSE HUNTING IN MAINE

(SEE PAGE 5)

WHEN the flaming banners of birch and maple have disappeared from the black growth on the ridges and by the lake shore, and snow lies on the mountain's peak, King Moose leaves the waterside for high land. It is then the patient hunter stalks silently in the trail of great hoofs and moss and mold, or light snow, through cedar swamps and up hill-sides, in almost breathless quest.

CALLING THE MOOSE

The season of easy and picturesque hunting by calling the amorous bull with the simulated plaint of the cow has passed with the warm days of earlier October. Few moose hunters have not thus traded on the passion of the forest giant by beguiling him within range. Guides proficient in winding the weird wail of the cow moose are famed among woodsmen, and always in demand. Given a lake-side on a clear, mild October night, a birchen horn two feet in length, shaped like a megaphone—whose prototype it is—and a "sport" willing to sit motionless in canoe or covert on shore for hours, and the skilled moose caller is morally certain of his game. An answering grunt or snort, far off at first, is heard nearer and nearer, and at last the bull comes crashing through the bushes and "blow-downs" near the shore, his native caution cast away, his head high, his nostrils distended, his eyes aflame, sniffing the air for scent of the female of his kind whose cry he believes he is answering. It is then the patient sportsman watches his chances for a shot. A hunter's moon shows where to place the bullet, as the animal pauses for a moment. There is a crack of the rifle, and if the shoulder shot is true the great beast, seven feet high to the tuft on his fore-shoulders and weighing perhaps twelve hundred pounds, sinks in his tracks.

Such is moose hunting of the sportsman's dream. Unfortunately, it can be little practiced in the United States nowadays. Maine, the greatest of our national hunting grounds for big game, forbids the shooting of moose before October 15 each year. Moose cannot be called when the rutting season has passed, and it is always on the wane by mid-October. Should there be several warm days then, the bulls may continue to range and the cows to call; but with the first hard frost of coming winter the fever of the rutting season subsides, and calling is a fruitless task thenceforth.

But though calling is more rare, and therefore more prized, than a few years back, when moose could be shot from October 1 in Maine, noble sport may be had there by the seeker for moose in still-hunting by tracking the animals or lying in wait for them in some old logging road or well-defined runway. The trained moose guide—and there are many in Maine—knows the habits of the forest king quite as well as the farmer knows the habits of his stock.

THE HUNTING GROUND FOR BIG GAME

Moose are on the increase in Maine, thanks to wise legislation protecting them from general slaughter, and the State's claim to being the finest moose-hunting region on the continent cannot be gainsaid. Newfoundland leads in caribou—which cannot be hunted in Maine until 1905—the Northwest is the right place for elk, but no American sportsman should be persuaded that Maine is not best for moose; but because there are more moose there than in any other territory of similar size, because the hunting ground is more easily reached from Boston and New York than any other where moose are found, and because less labor is required in getting on game after reaching the territory than elsewhere. Fifteen hours from Boston, or twenty-two from New York, takes the hunter into the heart of the moose country about Moosehead Lake or Mount Katahdin, the best "moose stations" on the railroad being Greenville, Patten and Ashland. From the former the hunting ground is reached by steamer up Moosehead, thence by canoe; from the two latter by buckboard. The moose guides of Maine are fearless, hardy and honest men, seriously bent on their business, and highly intelligent. White guides predominate. Nearly all the leading moose guides own comfortable camps in the hunting country.

The sportsman bound for the woods can safely leave all details of the trip to the hunting ground in the hands of his guide, taking with him only an old suit of clothes and a gun. The choice of a gun every man holds to himself, regardless of advice. Some like small and others large bore. The .30-.30, and other small-bore and high-power guns are much in favor, and when well handled do great execution. An argument in favor of the larger bores is the greater tendency of their slugs to spread on hitting, ensuring a more distinct wound than the small bullet, which frequently passes clean through an animal without mortally wounding it.

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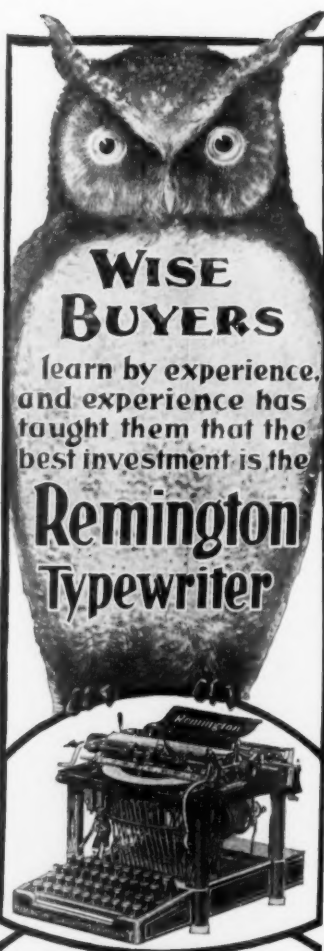


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THE CZAR OF RUSSIA IN FRANCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



THE CZAR, CZARINA AND PRESIDENT LOUBET AT THE MANOEUVRES HELD NEAR VITRY

(1) THE CZAR. (2) THE CZARINA. (3) PRESIDENT LOUBET.



AT THE MANOEUVRES HELD NEAR RHEIMS; THE CZAR ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL ANDRE AND THEIR RESPECTIVE STAFFS. THE PICTURE ON THE RIGHT IS THE ONLY PICTURE MADE OF THE CZAR'S RECEPTION AT THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—IT WAS 5.15 P. M. AND VERY DARK AT THE TIME. THE CZAR IS SEEN AT THE ENTRANCE



COMING so soon after the United States were plunged into mourning by the crime at Buffalo, the visit of the Czar to France necessarily took its color from that event. Politically the results of the great international event, so eagerly desired by the people of France, remain much as they would have been had there been no fresh anarchist terror in the air; but in the immediate effect upon popular sentiment the visit of the Russian sovereign was not so distinctly a success. It is hard for even an enthusiastic Frenchman to fraternize duly across rigidly uncompromising lines of fixed bayonets; and pro-Russian fervor found itself chilled in the face of police charges and the stampede of panic-stricken women.

It is well known that the Czar himself does not like this kind of thing. Like Humbert of Italy, he believes in taking the "risks of the trade." But he was in the hands of the protocol and of the police, and, as the guest of France, had to accept the conditions under which France was willing to receive him, even though that meant a small reign of terror at Dunkirk, at Compiègne and at Rheims—and, worse still, though it meant staying away from Paris, and so carrying dissatisfaction and even bitter anger into the ranks of the citizens and of the considerable Nationalist party which rules the roost in the capital.

There can be no doubt that, on both sides, the spirit of precaution was excessive. If the French soldiers that made the double hedge wherever the imperial cortege passed were often rough and sometimes brutal in keeping back the people, the Russian police that swarmed about every spot visited by the sovereigns carried their surveillance, and even their direct personal control of persons they chose to suspect, to a point that became ridiculous. It proved highly inconvenient to at least one harmless citizen, the present writer. Possessor of a Russian name, he became a marked man, and, though on the best of good terms with the high officials of the French police, was chivied about mercilessly by the Russians. Tracked from place to place, though from the beginning he was always in the company of his French and American confrères, he even found his access to various points of observation formally interdicted. It needed a good deal of ingenuity for him to introduce himself and his camera on to the scene of action. If, indeed, it had not been for a sentiment entertained by the French police that the exceptional measures prescribed to meet his case were a trifle absurd he would have come away from these historic happenings almost empty-handed.

HOODWINKING THE "POPULACE"

It says much for the lasting qualities of French pro-Russian fervor that it stood so well the strain of the severity of which the writer's case was a sample. The people resigned themselves admirably to the supposed needs of the situation. If they scarcely saw the person of the Czar or of the Czarina at all, they cheered lustily in the direction in which they knew the sovereigns would be seen.

Their very first movement of enthusiasm, by the way, was

rather amusingly misdirected. As the *Standard* steamed gallantly into the port of Dunkirk to the booming of great guns, a gorgeously dressed officer standing on the deck produced a hand camera, levelled it at the immense crowd and proceeded to click off his plates. Confusion and delight, inexpressible, amid the welcoming citizens; they had been cheering lustily, full-throated cheers, long continued, on one note that had been curiously impressive in the intervals of the roar of the cannon. But when they saw the camera at work there was a dead silence, broken only by voices crying, "It is the Czar that photographs us," or by mothers bidding their children look pretty, under pain of immediate spanking if they did anything to spoil the imperial photograph. It was, however, a "deception," as the French say: the Czar was not plying the camera in *proprid personâ*. An orderly officer had received instructions to "snap" around at interesting scenes. The people were curiously disappointed. From their comments one would have thought that the eternal "protocol" had provided that the Little Father of all the Russians should with his own imperial hands kodak his dear friends of Dunkirk.

Probably they felt better when the Empress, later on in the course of the visit, began to use her apparatus. She did not spare her plates, and either by her own hands or by those of a maid of honor delegated to this task she secured a complete series of souvenirs of the various stages of her visit.

THE "LITTLE FATHER" IS PICTURESQUE

Personally, the imperial couple succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of the people. Nicholas looked picturesque, dashing about the field of the maneuvers, his long gray cloak flying in the wind, and the soldiers showed that they felt recompensed for the stiff day's work they had to do by the manifest interest the Czar took in their proceedings. When he wanted to visit a particular regiment whose distant appearance pleased him, he stood not on the order of his going, but went at once.

The Empress seems, as far as one could judge from the general tone of conversation, to have found her way to the popular heart rather by her less imperial qualities than by the halo of majesty she wears. It was noticed that she showed a certain timidity, not without its graceful side. Every one that got near enough remarked that when Madame Loubet was presented, it was the *bonne bourgeoisie* of France that looked at ease, while the Empress showed a rather pathetic fear of not doing the right thing. There was, too, something naively touching in the confidence the Empress made to one of her ladies of honor about the President, whose "gentle, fatherly manner," she said, gave her at first sight a really friendly feeling toward him. She had evidently dreaded another Félix Faure, a President perfect in his rôle, but cold and formidable, a grandseigneur in carriage and manner—despite the tanbery at the back of his political career. Loubet has distinctly scored again by the visit of the Russians. Even his bitterest political enemies are forced to admit that he has played his part admirably, and proved once

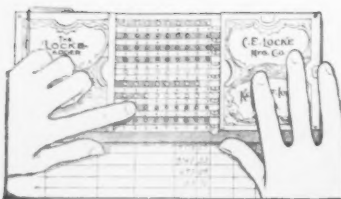
again that a democratic chief of state may be able to meet on equal terms the heads of feudal monarchies and uphold in perfect simplicity the honor of his country. The President wins, too, by the current belief that he personally engineered the coming of the Czar and the consequent formal reconsecration of the alliance. And he does not even miss a point by the failure to bring the Czar to the capital. That is attributed to the direct action of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who, according to the general belief, worked might and main against both the President and Czar in this matter. The accepting of the municipal invitation would have necessitated the admission of the Nationalist party to direct contact with the sovereigns at the Hotel de Ville. And the Premier was so determined to prevent his enemies obtaining this recognition that it is said he even announced to the President his intention to resign immediately if the visit to the capital were undertaken. It is probable that the Premier will prove to have made a serious blunder. Paris is, at the moment of writing, as gayly decorated as for the 14th of July. The people will not readily forget or forgive the slight put upon their welcome.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR YEARNS FOR PEACE

Had it not been for this hitch, the government might have strengthened itself greatly by the coming of the sovereigns as, undoubtedly, the nation as a whole has actually done. After the inspection of the army and of the navy, the "inspection" of the capital would have put the seal on the reaffirmation of the alliance. It would have been, too, in keeping with the new scheme of things. It is remarkable that the note struck officially at these recent celebrations has been the note of "peace": the bellicose ideas with which the alliance was first cemented seem to have died down. The Czar has been welcomed as the "promoter of the Conference of The Hague" and as the stand-by of the universal Peace Party. The French have frankly accepted him in that rôle, stifling, it may be with regret, the old warlike ambitions and hopes. Even allusions to the Transvaal war, which it was proposed to make in the interest of the Boers, were officially barred out as dangerous or offensive, and the various mayors and other dignitaries who had proposed to talk in this sense submitted with good grace. Only the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims declined to allow the official blue pencil to play over his proposed discourse—nobody knows exactly why. So he was muzzled and had to content himself with looking magnificent in the gorgeous robes of a Prince of the Church and murmuring a brief formal welcome when the official party entered the portals of the splendid old Gothic cathedral in his charge.

It seems all peace. But it is perhaps too early at this moment to sum definitely the significance of the visit in regard to its European consequences. It may be that this Franco-Russian love-feast will give a new meaning to all that has gone before and carry a new message to Europe.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



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SHORE BIRD SHOOTING

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

BAY OR SHORE bird shooting is a sport denied to sportsmen of our inland States, but enjoyed by thousands of sportsmen along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. The nearest approach to it in inland States is snipe shooting, the birds being hunted over marshlands, with a retrieving dog as an essential to the outfit. This, however, is not shore bird shooting, which is faster, though less fatiguing, and from the viewpoint of many shooters, more satisfactory sport.

In the family of shore birds, as the average sportsman knows it, are included, among others, curlew, summer and winter yellowlegs, beetle-heads, red-breasted plover, and the smaller birds, such as ring-necked, ox-eyes, and the diminutive "peep," the latter almost as small as the Virginia reed-bird. They are migratory birds, breeding, as do the duck, on the Labrador and far northern coasts, and returning to the South as the summer season advances. The height of the flight is from July 15 to the last of August, and the birds then follow the coast south in countless flocks of from four to forty in number.

THE BEST SHOOTING GROUND

The extensively indented coast of North Carolina is understood to furnish the best shore bird shooting on the Atlantic seaboard, because of the sheltered and excellent feeding grounds it affords. The writer, however, has enjoyed sport of the kind on the shoals of Barnegat Bay that was in every way satisfactory, bagging from sixty to eighty good-sized birds in a single day's shooting.

At Forked River, there are two or three old-fashioned but comfortable hotels, where the country fare is such that the visiting city sportsman earnestly regrets leaving it. The run from Jersey City begins at one and ends at five o'clock, in time for supper and the completion of arrangements for an early start next morning.

By four o'clock one is out of bed, and at 4.30 is partaking of a wholesome breakfast at the inn table. Then, mounting the old-fashioned carry-all, upon the front seat of which has been stowed a big hamper of good things to eat and drink as the day wears on, a start is made for the "grove"—so called because of the half-hundred or more of sloops anchored there each evening. It is a pleasant sail up the bay for the shoals, seven miles distant, alongside of which the sloop anchors, and a small boat is taken for the yellow stretch of sand bar, the acreage of which the rising tide is rapidly diminishing. A big wooden shovel is used to scoop out a hole in the sand, which is piled in a circle around the excavation, thus affording an excellent "blind" from which to shoot. Then the decoys are set out, twenty-five yards away.

DECOYING

The shooter will not have long to wait. With his gun across his knees he scans the surrounding waters and watches for the appearance of the first flock. There it comes from a distant point on the east shore. Alarmed by a passing boat or a charge from a hidden gun, it has taken wing for another, and presumably a safer, feeding ground. The swift-moving flock sees the decoys on the shoal and alters its course. With a graceful turn, it reaches the point, and the birds, throwing forward their wings and mottled breasts, pause for an instant over the wooden dummies as they prepare to alight. Now is the time for a shot. With birds singled, bang goes the gun. A plover falls to the first fire, and if the gun is held right, another is dropped to the second barrel before the flock, with a quick recovery, passes out of range. The birds are leisurely retrieved, position is retaken in the "blind," and preparation made for receiving the next flock, which is seldom long in coming.

With blocks creaking and sail flapping, your sloop rocks idly at her moorings; all about you stretch the blue waters of the bay, while the "boom" of the distant gun and the "crack" of that nearer by, as your fellow sportsmen at other points of vantage try their luck, keep the birds constantly moving—some of them, certainly, in your direction. Other flocks are constantly coming in to take the place of those who, alarmed at the vigor of their reception, have passed on down the coast. There is no let up in the sport until the birds, late in afternoon, seek their resting-places for the night.

The presence of a well-broken retriever to gather the birds adds to the enjoyment of shore bird shooting, as it is always a pleasure to see an intelligent dog work, and if one is shooting alone, his dog is good company as well as a valuable assistant.

Later in the season Barnegat Bay offers some excellent duck shooting, and the accommodations afforded sportsmen who go there from New York or Philadelphia have made the waters in question deservedly popular ones for gunners.

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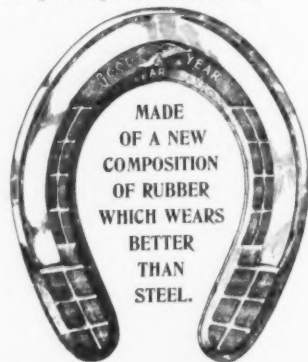
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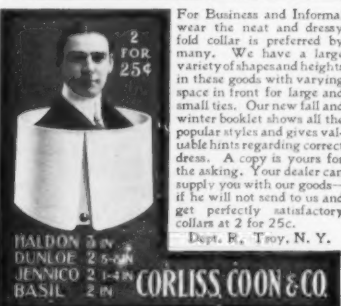
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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY TEAM - 1901



THE RUTGERS FOOTBALL SQUAD

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

COLUMBIA 27 RUTGERS 0

COLUMBIA played their second game of the season at New Brunswick Wednesday and met with such little resistance that no idea of their strength could be obtained. Columbia played Dougherty, the new half-back from Minnesota, to good advantage, using him three times for a gain of forty-five yards. Morris, the Rutgers guard, caused some uneasiness by a number of good gains, but the game ended before he could cross Columbia's line.

AMHERST 0 YALE 6

Amherst gave Yale a rather uncomfortable time on the occasion of the visit of the former's football eleven to New Haven. The easy and complete victory of Yale over Trinity on the previous Saturday seemed to have predisposed the team wearing the blue to a condition of belief that they could overwhelm Amherst. But the team from Massachusetts has been at work for some little time, and their line put a strong front, behind which the backs worked very well indeed. Amherst deserves a good deal of credit, and the rather disappointing showing should spur the Yale team at a time when more energy is required.

Although a much snappier game was played than that with Williams on September 28, the Harvard eleven lacked the vim and life characteristic of the Crimson. The line, however, was much steadier, and she played a good offensive and defensive game. Hovey, the freshman guard, gave a good account of himself, and gladdened the hearts of the followers of the Crimson by taking care of his man in such a way that left no doubt as to his ability on the line. Derby made the first touchdown, after getting the ball on the ten-yard line, on a fumble. Swan made the second. Captain Campbell kicked both goals.



STILLMAN COACHING YALE IN A TACKLE PLAY

PRINCETON 35 VILLA NOVA 0

This score does not represent the strength of the Orange and Black, for Princeton has not in years faced a weaker team than that of Villa Nova. Their line crumpled before the Tigers like paper. Even their kicking gave them no gains. Sheffield and De Witt demonstrated their usefulness to the Princeton team by their ground-gaining, especially Sheffield, who was praised by the coaches for his brilliant line plunging. Princeton fumbled badly, otherwise the score would have been higher.

OTHER GAMES

University of Pennsylvania defeated Franklin and Marshall 6 to 0 by a fumble on the part of Killefer, who missed Bennett's punt. In comparison with their game of the previous Saturday, Pennsylvania played a slow and listless game, Howard being the only man to show any advance in his work.

PROSPECT OF MIDDLE- WEST TEAMS

A year ago interest centred in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Chicago, with Iowa and Minnesota figuring in the background. At the end of the season, Iowa, Minnesota, Northwestern, and Nebraska had emerged from their obscurity, and the only eleven of the former "big four" that was in any wise regarded as having shown good form was Wisconsin.

The preliminary reports of this season from the training quarters of Michigan, Chicago,

Wisconsin, and Illinois show that the experience of last year has had a subduing effect. Not one of them is claiming very much, and, as a matter of fact, all the teams are uncertainties on account of their many changes. Of the four, Michigan seems to be a trifle more stable, having the ad-



CAPT. GOULD, YALE



CAPT. CAMPBELL, HARVARD

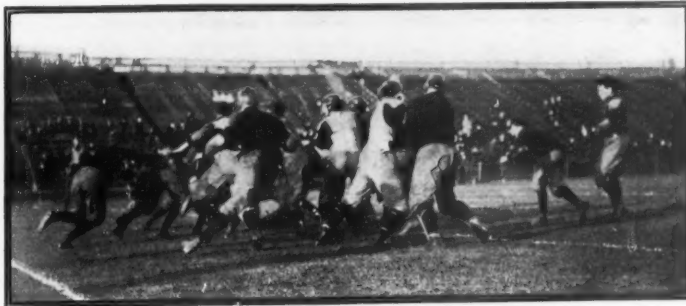
vantage of more experienced men. Last year, Michigan had an almost entirely new eleven, and the inexperience of the players was found to be costly. The experience they gained last season ought to stand them in good stead now. Snow, Michigan's famous end, will probably be shifted to full back. Michigan is light this year, the back field particularly so. Knight, formerly of Princeton, will probably replace Snow at end. Michigan needs a centre, a guard, and a quarter before it can have championship aspirations.

Chicago has lost Captain Henry, who resigned recently. This is a hard blow, as his place will be difficult to fill. Speed is gone from centre, and of last year's good men only two or three remain. James Sheldon, a star at quarter, half, and end for the Maroons, has been chosen captain and will probably play a half back position.

The Wisconsin team will be almost entirely new, and is a complete uncertainty. Coach King is trying out a squad of fifty candidates with only three or four of his old men on hand. The Illinois team is in practically the same shape as Wisconsin.

The Western colleges—Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota—are making extravagant claims as to what they will accomplish this year, and much interest is centred in the Nebraska eleven, which forged to the front in the last few weeks of the 1900 season. Iowa will lose most of her best men, and the exact merits of the new team are not yet determinable. Northwestern will have a fast, light team, and will play an open game. Coach Hollister is training his men hard in the tandem plays and in punting.

Lack of weight seems to be the prevailing affliction with all the Middle-West teams.



HARVARD vs. WILLIAMS—WILLIAMS TRYING AN END PLAY

ENGLISH CRICKET- ERS WIN

Captain Bosanquet's cricket team opened their tour under perfect weather conditions with their match at Haverford on the Merion Cricket Club grounds. The first match was considered only a preliminary to the real work. The success of the pony team against the Britishers at Wissahickon the previous week had led to a good deal of unfavorable comment upon the problem of the British team being a good one. But when it came to the real game against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, Captain Bosanquet's men showed a different front, and on the very first day they piled up 198 runs in their first innings, while the Americans lost 5 wickets, having the small total of 78. The Englishmen eventually won by only 61 runs, however, thanks to an excellent exhibition of batting by J. A. Lester, who ran up 73 runs, not out. His total of 119 runs in two innings was well worth while in a match where the run getting was small.

The grandstand was fairly well filled, and so were the seats by the ropes. Philadelphia is really the only cricket town in the country.

SWIMMING

Australian swimmers have long been noted, but this last season their performances have been especially striking. Richard Cavill made practically a clean sweep of the Australian championships early in the year, on the occasion of his 100 yards, which he covered in 1 minute and 2 seconds, but, owing to a wholly inexplicable blunder of the timekeeper, he was sent over the course again. This time he covered it in 1 minute 3½ seconds. The 220 yards he made in 2 minutes 41½ seconds; but when he came to the longer distance, the quarter-mile, he showed his best, swimming it in 5 minutes 53½ seconds. Americans will appreciate something of this when they remember that E. C. Shafer's American record (and this Univer-



BENJAMIN AND MURPHY WATCHING YALE PRACTICE

sity of Pennsylvania man is at the top among our swimmers) is 6 minutes 48½ seconds, although it is true this is with three turns and in salt water.

But there was still more in store for the Australians than what appeared in the championships the early part of the season. Later, in a contest at New South Wales in the one-mile championship, G. Reed covered it in 24 minutes 46½ seconds, thus breaking the former world's record, held by Jarvis, the English champion, of 25 minutes 13½ seconds. Cavill, who had formerly defeated Reed, and of whose ability we have spoken in the early part of this paragraph, was a favorite for the race at long odds. Every one knew that Reed had improved, but Cavill was such a consistent performer, and had so outclassed any one against whom he came, that few believed there was any chance for Reed.

There were two other starters, Baker and Healy. At the very start Reed went to the front, but Cavill held him close in spite of the severe pace which Reed set. At fourteen laps of the race there were only three yards of water between these two. Healy had been swamped by the pace before he reached 300, and Baker was practically out of the race. Reed still kept up his terrific pace, and at 1,000 yards had added some nine feet to his lead. Baker had closed up somewhat, but was more than 30 yards away from Cavill. In ten laps more Reed had increased his lead to 25 yards, and at a fraction over thirty-nine laps, which finished the mile, he crossed the line 35 yards to the good. Cavill's time was 25 minutes 12½ seconds, which also was ½ of a second better than the world's record. Cavill is seventeen years old, and Reed nineteen; surely, creditable "youngsters."

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OPENING GAMES OF THE SEASON

Saturday, September 28th

BUFFALO
5
COLUMBIA
0

Columbia at Buffalo met with the only disaster that happened to any of the big teams on the opening Saturday of the season. And with her back field practically swept away on account of their inability to conform to the faculty regulations, and through failure in scholarship, it was no wonder that Sanford's team came out into the Stadium at Buffalo in a good deal of doubt as to the issue. Buffalo pushed them down almost within scoring distance, but then fumbled. Having secured the ball again, however, Buffalo sent a drop kick over the goal bar for what proved the only score of the game. Columbia worked hard in the second half, but it was useless, and they came away defeated, disheartened and discouraged.

PENNSYLVANIA
28
LEHIGH
0

Pennsylvania showed up better than had been expected on her opening day. The team was aggressive and active, and the line and backs showed in their work together that they had had a good start and that Coach Woodruff is going to turn out a well-drilled organization if nothing more. There is to be no longer reliance upon one or two stars, but the team has got to get together, and that is to be the motto of the season.

HARVARD
16
WILLIAMS
0

Harvard opened with Williams and scored three times. The work was not entirely satisfactory, even for an opening day. The veterans, and particularly Captain Campbell, however, showed plenty of strength. There is the usual mass of material which is so unwieldy as to be difficult to whip into shape. But systematic work and the knowledge based upon the play of many of the candidates last season is already sifting the wheat from the chaff.

YALE
23
TRINITY
0

Yale met Trinity on Saturday, September 28, in the opening game of her season, and the showing, while rather doubtful as to the back field, was more than satisfactory as to the line men. Seldom on a university field, upon the occasion of the first day of the fall contest, has there been such a stiff and aggressive line. Back of it, however, there was less strength and form. In the first half, the halves got started rather better than did the substitutes in the second, but there was not much dash in either, the line practically doing all the work.

OTHER OPENING GAMES

Cornell defeated Colgate 17-0, although the Ithaca line was not very heavy. The men were active and Brewster, the quarter, quite a star. Tufts beat Wesleyan 5-0, much to the disgust of the Middletown crowd. Amherst defeated Williston 15-0, Michigan beat Albion 50-0, Brown beat Boston College 12-0, and the Indians beat Gallaudet 19-6, the deaf mutes succeeding in scoring, however.

GEORGETOWN FOOT-BALL

Georgetown has in the last few years plunged thoroughly into football and means this season to turn out a good team. Church, the former Princeton tackle will again coach the men as he did two years ago. Captain Barry has laid out a good schedule, and there is a greater sufficiency of promising men than for some years.

WALTER CAMP.

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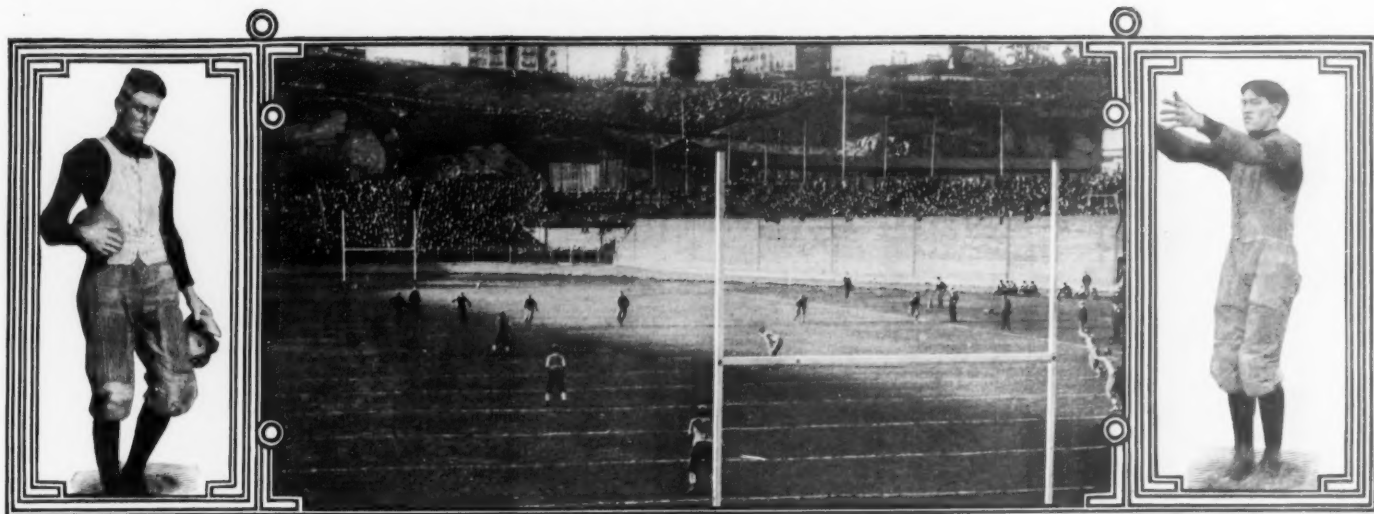
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FOOTBALL FOR THE SPECTATOR

By WALTER CAMP



WALTER CAMP

THE ORIGIN of the game of football is quite hidden in antiquity. References to something which might be dignified by the title of forerunner of the present game are found even back as far as the time of Greek and Roman. It is certainly known that real football quite of the type of to-day was played in England in the twelfth century, and had a sufficient vogue to lead to legislative action.

In the early days the game had much more extended boundaries than now. One village might play against another village, and the ball be carried or kicked over two or three miles of territory. Later, in the English public schools, such as Rugby, Charter House, Westminster, and Harrow, the game took on more definite form, and, in fact, was differentiated in style at these different schools. During the athletic revival in England between the years 1850 and 1860, football came to the front as the most popular game of the fall and winter.

About this time there were two divisions, one favoring the dribbling style of game, and the other that of the running character. A joint football organization was planned in 1863, when the London Rugby Club endeavored to make a uniform code of rules acceptable to both schools. Meantime, the advocates of the dribbling game had formed themselves into an association called the Football Association, and in spite of several joint conferences between the Rugby School men and the dribblers, it was found impossible to bring them together, and from that time on, the two games now known distinctively as the Rugby and the Association have developed each along its own lines.

English colonists going out with that blessed inheritance of the mother country—a love of sport—have implanted football wherever they have journeyed. But the game has not under other skies grown up in exact accord with the tenets of either Rugby or Association. In almost all instances the sport has taken on some local peculiarities, so that there is a distinct game called the Australian game, another known as the Canadian game, and, finally, and probably most highly developed of all, the American college game. Of these three the Canadian game follows most closely the lines of the Rugby Union. The Australian game has wandered very far away, and with its system of "shepherding"—for this is the term they use to describe a method of interference to aid the advance of the ball—it is a rather remarkable and elaborate affair.

The American intercollegiate game as it stands to-day is a direct outgrowth of the English Rugby Union. Americans started, in the early sixties, however, with the Association style; and, of the principal colleges in the seventies, all, save Harvard, who had just taken up contests with the Canadians in the Rugby school, were playing the kicking style of game rather than the Rugby. In 1875 an attempt was made between Yale and Harvard to amalgamate the two kinds of play, but in the conference it was found almost as impracticable as it had been found several years before in England. A compromise game was played between representative teams of the two universities in 1875, but it was most unsatisfactory, and the following year Yale and Harvard played under the strict Rugby rules. This was the beginning of the present

style of play. The Americans found that the English rules, while perfectly intelligible to men who had been brought up on the sport, required too many traditional interpretations to be complete when used by American players taking up the game for the first time. Hence meetings were held annually, and the rules were expanded with explanatory paragraphs in order to be intelligible to players and officials. This speedily led to certain adaptations and alterations of rules to fit plays and occasions. At first the captains and managers of the several teams acted as the legislative body for the sport. After a time it became evident that these legislators were altogether too likely to be biased by immediate motives, and the rulemaking was transferred to the hands of a graduate body. This continued for several years under the laws of an Association which had been formed and called the Intercollegiate. At the time of the dissolution of this Association some years later there was for one season a hiatus in which two factions in the college world made two sets of rules. The following year, however, at the invitation of the University Athletic Club of New York, a representative body of graduates of the most prominent football universities met and proposed rules which were thereupon adopted throughout the country. Since that time this body of men has met annually and the rules proposed at these meetings have governed football throughout the country.

It is interesting for the spectator to know something of the why and wherefore of the work he sees going on before him. The principle of the game is so simple as to need no explanation, and it is for this reason that the game, even without any expert knowledge, draws bigger crowds and holds the atten-

tion more certainly than any other sport. The game, however, does not open with a scrimmage, but, both sides being lined up, the ball is kicked off from the centre of the field. It must go at least ten yards, and as much further as the kicker wishes. After the kick-off, the game proceeds in a series of scrimmages until one side or the other either cross the opponents' goal line with the ball, in which case it counts a touchdown and entitles them to try a kick at the goal; or until the team gets near enough to kick a goal, and fearing their inability to carry it across the line and thus earn a touchdown, they may elect to try a drop-kick at the goal. This is made just as any other kind of kick is in the field of play, the ball, however, being dropped to the ground and kicked after it touches the ground. If the ball then pass over the goal bar between the goal posts it counts as a goal. A kick made without the ball touching the ground—that is, by dropping the ball directly to the foot—is called a punt and could not score a goal, even though it passed over the bar.

There is one other distinction that the spectator should note, and that is that of "off" and "on" side. Each side, it will be noted, keeps in a certain relative position to the ball. This is on account of a rule which provides that a man is off side when he gets between the ball and his opponents' goal. And when he is in that position he cannot himself pick up the ball or touch it until the opponents have touched it.

There are certain rules and restrictions regarding the way the ball shall be put in play, and certain of the plays made. But these are not of especial moment to the spectator. A man may not be tripped, struck with the fist, throttled, or caught by the ankles, men may not pile up on a player when he is down, and when a man catches a kicked ball before it touches the ground and makes a mark with his heel he is protected from interference and can take a fair kick at the ball.

When the game has continued the allotted time, the side which has made the more points, counting as follows, touchdown 5, goal from field 5, touchdown and goal kicked 6, safety (that is, a touchdown behind their own goal for protection by the opponents) 2, is declared to have won the match.

So much for the basic principles of the sport. But there is much more than this that even the ordinary spectator may enjoy by learning something of the processes by which plays are built up.

It is readily seen and appreciated that a single man running with the ball can be readily stopped by the three or four men who at once attack him. For this reason modern football means the proper protection of the runner by others of his team who get between him and the opponents who are endeavoring to reach him and stop his progress. This assistance which they render the runner is called interference, and there are various forms of it. One or more big men may be taken back from the line to start with the half-backs or back, and the three or four men thus grouped form a very strong barrier behind which the runner proceeds as far as possible. But it will be readily understood that if this barrier of three or four men meet three or four opponents charging through, the impact will practically bring both bodies to a stop, and the runner, if he is close behind the barrier, and running in the same direction, will also be brought to a stop and his attempt thus be made futile. Hence it is the aim and end of coaches developing plays to make various outlets for the runner. For instance, running behind this barrier of men, he may, just as they strike the opposing line, go out around the end of the group, skirting the players at both sides, and thus make a long run. One or two men from the barrier may break



NO GAIN—A CENTRE PLAY REPULSED

tion more certainly than any other sport. The spectator sees at once that two bodies of men are endeavoring to carry an egg-shaped leather ball in certain directions. It takes him only a few moments to realize that one side is endeavoring to carry that ball toward one end of the field, while the others are as insistent on taking it to the opposite end. That is all seen at a glance, and really provides enough explanation to make the game enjoyable even without further knowledge. But as knowledge of the method increases, so does the possibility of further appreciation. In the first place, the two teams are composed of eleven men each, and the time of play is two halves of thirty-five minutes each with a ten-minute intermission. The two sides change goals at intermission.

It becomes evident after watching the game for a few moments that the men have rather different duties, and, as a matter of fact, the positions are divided off according to these duties. Seven men of the eleven form what is known as the rush line, the man in the middle being called the centre rush, the men on his right and left respectively the guards, the two men next to them on each side the tackles, and the outside or flanking men the ends. The centre rush always puts the ball in play by rolling it back with his hand to a man who crouches just behind him, and who is known as the quarter back. The other three men of the eleven who stand behind the quarter-back are known as the backs, right and left half-back, and full-back. This is a general arrangement, and is varied according to the plan of attack.

The ball is a rubber bladder inclosed within a covering of pigskin. It is oval in shape, and in kicking it the man hits it on the end with his foot and not on the side. It is allowable for any man who secures the ball to run with it, except the quarter-back, who is not allowed to carry it ahead. If a man thus running with the ball is tackled, as he can rightfully be by his opponents and stopped, the ball is put down



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away from the group with the runner, and going out to the end, thus make a secondary interference for him when he reaches the extreme wing man of the opponents. Or, still again, the barrier of men, when they strike the opponents, may open up, and thus passing the opponents aside, make a break in the line through which the runner with the ball darts.

On these principles practically are based almost all methods of laying out plays for the running game.

The kicking game is more open and apparent to the spectator, and needs but little in the way of explanation. The principal feature of it is that the kicker shall send the ball high enough so that the two end men on his team may be able to get down the field and be ready to tackle the man who catches the ball. When the kicker is near the opponents' goal, then he may try a drop-kick, which, if it goes over the goal

bar, scores, as already noted, 5 points for his side. A player who has made a fair catch—that is, caught a kick by one of the other side before it has touched the ground—is entitled, if he wishes it, to a free kick, and may either punt the ball—that is, kick it directly after dropping it from his hand, and before it reaches the ground—drop-kick it, as already described, or he or one of his side may place the ball for a place-kick. In that case, the player who is placing it holds it just above the ground, aiming it according to the directions of the kicker, who, when he has properly sighted it, gives a signal, the ball is immediately placed upon the ground, and the kicker kicks it while the man who has placed it holds it lightly with his fingers to keep it from moving.

Such, in brief, is the plan and progress of a football match under the present American College rules.

FLY FISHING AS A SPORT

FISHING with the fly may fairly be considered at once the most refined and the most refining of our many outdoor sports. It is indeed the poetry of angling, the idealization of what once was not sport, but a necessary toil. In dim days of the long ago, primitive man took primitive fish by primitive method, not because he found pleasure in the task, but because he needed food and he had learned that fish was good food. To-day, the enthusiastic fly-fisher takes fish, not because he needs food, but because of the keen pleasure he derives from the taking of the fish.

The crude methods of ancient days have been refined as man himself has been refined by the progress of the ages, until instead of human skill taking every advantage of the inferior creature, it actually imposes conditions upon itself which throw the advantage the other way. And this may be more truthfully said of fly-fishing than of any other sport.

The first fly-fisher (peace be to his ashes!) must have been a combination of poet, nature worshipper and philanthropist. He surely also was a philosopher. In the gentle art of angling he found a congenial relaxation from the cares of life. With the crude appliances of his time he took his fish, and while so doing, while enjoying what was then the best of fishing, he must have pondered long and deeply upon how he might improve and refine his favorite pastime.

He saw the live insect flutter above and fall into the water, and he marked the rising of the fish after the favorite prey. One day the bright idea came—if he used an insect for bait and caused it to flutter lightly to the surface as the free insects did, fish would surely take it. When he tried to carry out the idea he found his tackle altogether too heavy and clumsy for the task. It made a great splash and scared fish instead of attracting them. He could not accomplish his purpose without much more delicate tackle, so he experimented until he produced tackle that would answer.

No doubt his friends laughed at him, possibly they grieved him unmercifully, but in any event he persevered. I have a notion that he kept his own

counsel, and can, in fancy, see him secretly working at the wonderful outfit and then sneaking forth to prove its merit. Whatever else may have happened, he certainly caught fish, for he kept right on.

After the first step, the rest was natural and comparatively easy. The springiness, lightness and strength of certain woods were already well known, and there were other woods waiting to be discovered. Experiment followed experiment, the tackle grew more and more delicate as it was discovered that the increasing difficulty of a capture proportionately increased the triumph of a successful attempt.

It may be that the sight of a fish rising at a floating feather suggested the artificial fly. Probably some watchful disciple observed things and tied a feather to his hook to increase its attractiveness. It may have been that the difficulty of securing suitable insects prompted the construction of artificial flies; at all events somebody tied the first one, tried it—and the fun began.

Then, there were more fish and fewer fishers. As the number of converts to the new school increased, the fish acquired wisdom and the conditions changed. The cry was for lighter rods with more spring to throw the fly further, for finer lines and smaller, daintier flies. Soon there were hundreds of keen experts, many of them using rods of their own making and flies of their own tying. Naturally numbers of these experts found certain flies more reliable than others at certain seasons and upon certain waters. Each deadly fly had its enthusiasts, who swore by it; so in time there came to be a lot of flies of proved merit for every sort of water and every month in the lawless season.

The enduring attractiveness of fly-fishing is readily explained. With the two-handed salmon rod and a strong fish of perhaps sixty pounds' weight, there must be the same perfect skill in casting, hooking and playing the captive as governs the sport of the small trout stream, or the taking of black bass, orananche, or grayling. In the exercise of this skill lies the chief charm of fly-fishing—to the devotees of the sport.

EDWYN SANDYS.



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS COWBOY AND HUNTER

THE CAREER of our active and versatile President, has, besides politics, authorship, and soldiering, included cattle-ranching and hunting. Colonel Roosevelt has ridden the frisky broncho and flung the lariat on his own ranches, the Elkhorn and the Chimney Butte, which are situated near the eastern border of the cattle country, where the little Missouri flows through the heart of the Bad Lands. But in the Wild West not all the Colonel's time was occupied with the pursuits of the cowboy. He spent much of his leisure in hunting, and into this sport threw the zest and vigor that has characterized all his occupations. An expert with revolver, Winchester, and shotgun, Colonel Roosevelt ex-

celled in the capture of large game and small, on the plains and in the mountains. Bears, wolves, coyotes, lynxes, antelopes, elk and mountain sheep have succumbed to his aim; numerous the prairie chicken, mallard, teal, wild geese that he has brought down. To a man so fond of strenuous adventure, the hardships of the chase in those western wildernesses were largely their own reward, apart from the bagging of the game. He has had most extraordinary luck at times, as when, for instance, hunting on one occasion in the rolling hill country of Montana, he broke the backs of two bucks with a single bullet, at a distance of over four hundred yards.



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